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McAdam and Eve; or, Two in a garden; a m



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MACADAM AND EVE

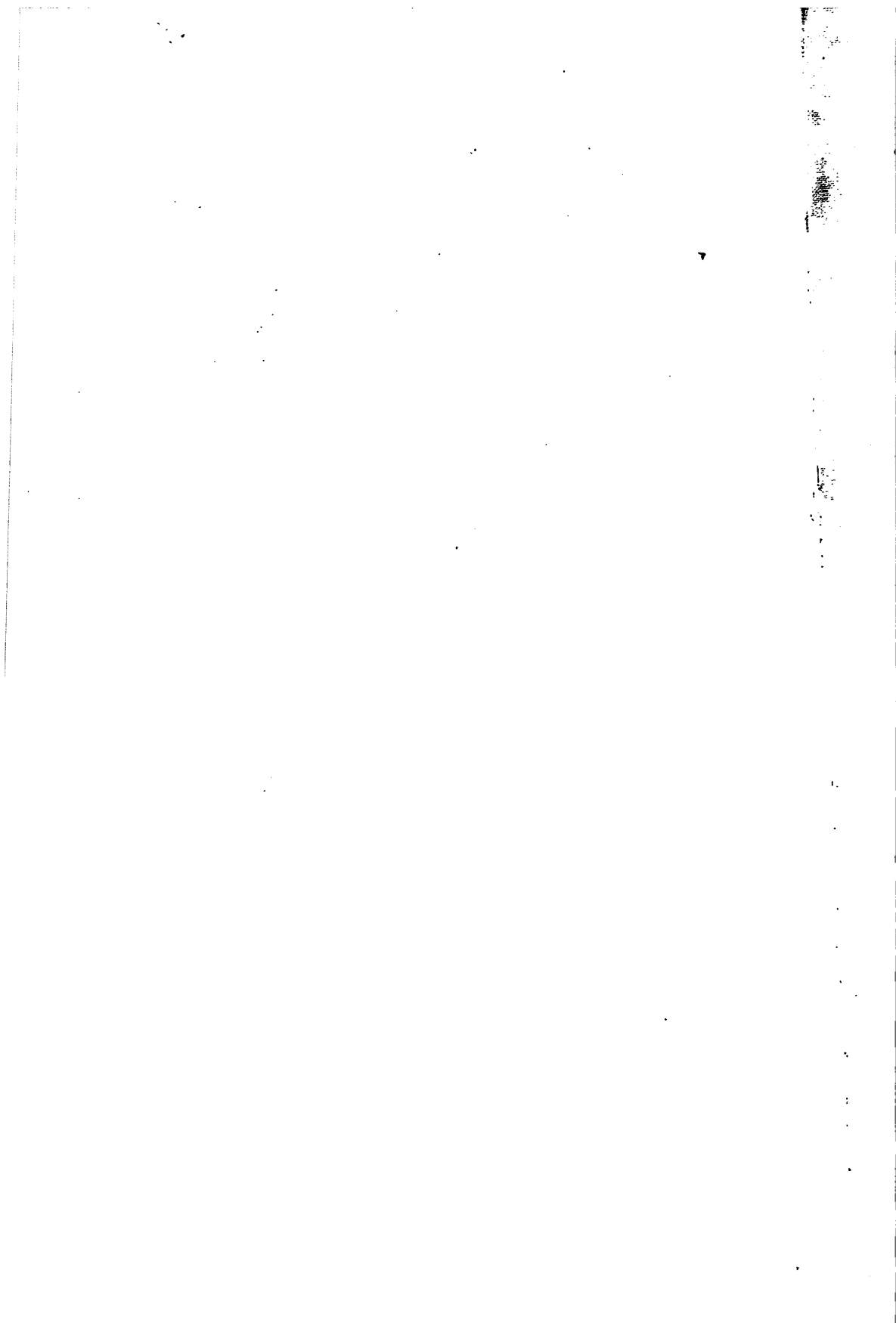
TWO IN A GARDEN

A MUSICAL FANTASY

IN THREE ACTS

BY
OLIVER HERFORD

THE OPERA
CHARLES SCHIMMEL'S
1900



MCADAM AND EVE

OR

TWO IN A GARDEN

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MCADAM AND EVE

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A MUSICAL FANTASY

IN THREE ACTS

BY

OLIVER HERFORD

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1900

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CHARACTERS

ARCHIE MCADAM *A Sculptor with expectation*
 ANGUS MCCAN. *Servant of Archie*
 THE SERPENT *Comedy Villain—Contortionist*
 EVE *Leading Lady*
 MEDULLA BEACON *A Boston Girl*
 SIG. TONDONI *An Irrepressible Singer*
 HERR BLITZEN *A Pianist*
 THE SHERIFF
 ATTORNEY
 HORTENSE *Concierge*
 LEADER OF BAND
 HUNGARIAN BAND
 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN *Guests*

Gendarmes, Workmen, Creditors.

Gnomes,	Flowers,	Flower Guards,
Butterflies,	Dew Maidens,	Cigarettes,
Animals, etc., etc.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

SCENE 1.—Transformation wood-picture—a series of drops—
changing to Scene 2.

SCENE 2.—The Ravine of the Gnomes.

SCENE 3.—Studio of Archie McAdam.

SCENE 4.—Studio of Archie McAdam, dismantled by Sheriff.

ACT II

A Glade in Garden of Eden.	The Spider's Loom.
At the Gate of Eden.	The Serpent's Ballroom.

ACT III

SCENE 1.—Studio of Lord McAdam, dismantled—same as
Act I., Scene 4.

SCENE 2.—Studio of Lord McAdam, restored—as in
Act I., Scene 3.

McADAM AND EVE

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.

Curtain rises disclosing a transformation drop scene. First picture shows entrance to the wood, sunlight effect, etc. Each succeeding picture carries the spectator into deeper and wilder woods. The last picture very weird and fantastic, changing to Ravine of the GNOMES (Scene 2).

The music at first pastoral, becomes deep and mysterious, and at last very weird. Gnome music as last drop is raised, showing

SCENE 2.

Weird, rugged quarry—GNOMES' cave at back. GNOMES at work chiselling large block of marble vaguely suggesting figure of a woman, half reclining.

GNOMES croon while working.

Enter SERPENT [green calcium, etc.], who does contortion act and then sings.

SONG.

I am the Serpent, most malinged
Of all things in creation.
They say I have a naughty mind;
'Tis false, the accusation.

McADAM AND EVE

I'm really nothing of the kind,
I am as timid as a hind,
And innocent, as you will find
Upon investigation.

[REFRAIN.]

I am a gay contortionist.
[*Hiss on last syllable.*]
I love to twirl and twine and twist.
There's only *one* thing I can't resist,
And that—and that's *temptation*.
[*Chorus of GNOMES hissing.*]

[SERPENT'S *song continued.*]

They say I tempted Mistress Eve.
I scorn the allegation.
I beg that you will not believe;
But hear my explanation.

How I'm to blame, I cannot see;
The sin, whatever it may be,
Was not original with me—
It was *Predestination*.

[REFRAIN.]

[*Chorus followed by grotesque dance of GNOMES.*]

SERPENT.

[*To GNOMES.*]

How goes the work to-day?

GNOMES.

[*In dumb show.*] All right.

SERPENT.

Good. [*Turns to block of marble.*] Ah! how many
weary years we searched before we found a block of mar-

McADAM AND EVE

ble pure enough to form a perfect woman. Eve! my beautiful Eve! A few days more and before me will stand my queen. O Eve! fairest of the fair—soon from this living stone thou shalt spring a senseless woman!—

[GNOMES *laugh.*]

I mean, from this senseless stone a living woman. O Eve! my Eve!

[*The marble glows a rosy color and music is heard.*]

[EVE's *theme.*]

SERPENT.

Hush!

I could have sworn I saw the marble blush.

[*Leans toward marble—listening.*]

Did ye not see it?

[GNOMES *shake their heads.*]

SERPENT.

No?—

Then it is plain

'Tis only an illusion of my brain.

Now to work! to work! there is no time

To lose, lest some venturous mortal should carry off this stone.

[GNOMES *tremble.*]

Aye, tremble for your lives, as well ye may;

For if ye fail—death penalty ye pay.

Once Eve is freed from out the marble cold

I will reward you each, with wealth untold.

[*Aside.*]

I say *untold* advisedly.

[*To the marble.*]

Farewell, O lifeless stone—in place of thee,

When next we meet, Eve's living form I'll see.

[*Exit SERPENT.*]

McADAM AND EVE

[GNOMES *nod and resume work.*]

[*Three short toots of a steam whistle heard above—at first toot, Gnome music stops abruptly—GNOMES pause—frightened, look around—then above—rhythmical puffing of donkey-engine is heard—accompanied on orchestra—GNOMES gather up tools and scurry to their cave in fright. Sound of puffing continues—clanking of chain against rocks heard—men's rough voices—heavy rope descends slowly—rope ends in iron hooks—two workmen clinging to the rope. Music develops into rollicking jig—rope moves as if suspended from crane. Workmen step off.*]

FIRST WORKMAN.

[*To someone above.*]

Easy, there! Bill.

[*Puffing stops. During dialogue jig music continues and workmen dance.*]

[FIRST WORKMAN, *small man, but very bold.*]

[SECOND WORKMAN, *large man, very timid.*]

SECOND WORKMAN.

[*Listening and looking round.*]

Say, Tim, didn't yer hear nuthin'?

FIRST WORKMAN.

Nah—I ain't heard nuthin'.

SECOND WORKMAN.

I take my oath I heard suthin'.

FIRST WORKMAN.

Oh! yer allers hearin' suthin', likely enough it was a rabbit—

[*Seeing marble.*]

Gee! what a piece of marble! Did yer ever see the like of that?—divil a flaw in it—

McADAM AND EVE

SECOND WORKMAN.

Divil a flaw!—

FIRST WORKMAN.

We'll take it along—it'll fetch a thousand francs in Paris.—

[Voice above.]

All right! Fall to, Mike, and hitch her on—there's no time to lose if you don't want to be left alone in this hole.—

SECOND WORKMAN.

The Lord forbid!

[They attach marble to rope—and sit astride of it, holding on to rope.]

FIRST WORKMAN.

Let her go!

[Whistle sounds—puffing begins again; they swing up out of sight—voices heard above—sounds die away.]

[A GNOME appears—looks round cautiously—discovers that marble is gone.]

[Business: surprise and despair. Runs back to cave—returns down with another GNOME.]

[Business repeated. GNOMES all come down from cave—GNOME music begins again—rage and despair.]

[Enter SERPENT.]

RECITATIVE. *[Grand opera style.]*

What have you done!

Traitors fell,

Where is my Eve?

Imps of hell!

McADAM AND EVE

Curses on you,
Fiends of night,
Who has stole
My treasure bright?

Away! Begone!
Ye crooked knaves,
Out of my sight,
Back to your caves!

*[As the SERPENT sings he drives the GNOMES
round the stage, lashing them—GNOMES dis-
appear in cave.]*

SERPENT.

What is this—

[Lifts workman's pick.]

The marble-cutters!

They have robbed me.

Ten thousand furies take them!

But no!

I'll curse

Them not.

RECITATIVE. *[Chant.]*

I'll curse them not;

Fury and hate

Are out of date—

Old-fashioned rot,

I'll curse them not.

My Eve! My Eve!

Though mountains hide

Or seas divide,

No man can stand

Against my hand.

Each has his price,

I hold the dice.

McADAM AND EVE

Behold! Behold!
With devils' gold
I bait my net.
My Eve! My Eve!
I'll win thee yet!

[Transformation scene same as at opening—but in reverse order, changing back to entrance of woods—music at first wild, gradually becoming more peaceful, ending as it began, in pastoral theme. Dark change to

SCENE 3. STUDIO.

At extreme back is high studio window—wide wooden step-ladder from window to ground. This is only seen when the curtain behind block of marble is removed, together with arch and other studio furniture and draperies.

This set, strictly speaking, shows only reception-room of studio. Studio proper is cut off by wide arch C. and arched openings R. and L. Through openings R. and L. statues are seen—a palm plant stands before each opening—a short distance back of arch C., a dark curtain or screen cuts off view of studio proper. Behind this curtain stands the half-completed statue of EVE [as in Scene I]. R. of arch C. is small grand piano—below piano is large antique chest placed over trap—musicians' gallery L., doors R. and L.

An afternoon reception. Crowd of gayly and fashionably dressed guests, officers, Academicians, etc.—waiters in livery moving about with refreshments. ANGUS stands at door R. Guests very animated—sing, chatter all at once—in different groups. Curtain rises on Chatter chorus—at piano sits HERR

McADAM AND EVE

BLITZEN, *accompanying the singer*, SIG. TONDINI. HERR B. and SIG. T. *play and sing in pantomime—as if trying frantically to be heard above guests who are singing the Chatter chorus.*
[*The music of Chatter chorus is of a nature to suggest a great number of people talking together.*]

CHATTER SONG.

Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter,
What we say it doesn't matter.
What it means we've no conception,
This is only a reception.
We are here for relaxation,
And for airy conversation;
All our talk is downright drivvle,
Stuff and nonsense—froth and frivol;
There's no power in creation
That can stop the inundation
Of our senseless colloquation.
They may play to entertain us;
Even Wagner can't restrain us;
Bach or Beethoven or Schumann
Could not stop our noise inhuman;
Song or dance or recitation,
Will not cause the least cessation.

Prima donnas don't disturb us,
Paderewsky couldn't curb us
With his very best cadenza.
Have you had the influenza?
Have you read the latest treatise
How to cure appendicitis?
Pulmonary inflammation
Couldn't stop our conversation;
Nothing short of strangulation,

McADAM AND EVE

Or acute decapitation,
Or complete annihilation,
Can our elocution smother,
As we shout to one another,
Sara Bernhart's last sensation
Or the troubles of the nation.
Will there be a dissolution?
Do you fear a revolution?
Even then the cannon's rattle
Will not drown our tittle-tattle.
Even through the roar of battle
You will hear our endless prattle,
The eternal clitter-clatter
Of our everlasting patter,
As we chatter, chatter, chatter—
[*The Chatter song ends abruptly, and SIG. T. is heard finishing his solo, "I lo-o-ve you," and a voice up stage—*]

I hate music.

[*Someone starts applause—it becomes general, but very faint, almost dying out as dialogue begins.*]

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

What was it he sang?

FIRST LADY.

I could not hear a note.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Could he hear himself?

SECOND LADY.

Few singers can hear themselves.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

How is that?

McADAM AND EVE

FIRST LADY.

If they *could*, they wouldn't sing. [*All laugh.*]

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Oh, you're clever! I could listen to you all day.

SECOND LADY.

So could I.

[*As applause dies away after dialogue, SIG. T. comes forward to sing again. A waiter brings HERR B. a pair of boxing-gloves, which he puts on and shakes hands with SIG. T. As soon as he strikes the first chord on the piano, the Chatter song is begun again, drowning out SIG. T. and HERR B. despite their frantic efforts to be heard. Just before the end of the chorus, HERR B., in endeavoring to turn the leaves of the song, sweeps the music on to the floor; tries to pick them up; as the Chatter song ends, the people laugh, cross the stage from left to right, shutting out HERR B. and SIG. T. from the audience, but leaving an opening for MEDULLA'S entrance from L. As she enters she sees ANGUS standing near the curtain concealing statue—she looks at him through her lorgnette, and he follows her down stage.*]

MEDULLA.

My good man, what has become of Mr. McAdam? Just a few moments ago he was telling me about his work and his ambitions. Oh! what a genius he is! He was suddenly called away to see someone on important business. A genius should have no business! He told me that that curtain hides the dream of his life. I asked him if I might see it, but he said wait. [*Turning to ANGUS, suddenly.*] Where is he?

MCADAM AND EVE

ANGUS [*startled*].

Hoot mon!

A LADY.

Perhaps M'sieu has creditors. Artists sometimes do.
N'est ce pas?

[*The artist element laughs. The SOCIETY SET are shocked.*]

MEDULLA [*to ANGUS*].

Who are these persons? How frightfully mixed these studio affairs are. It is really shocking. And so disturbing to one of delicate sensibilities. I suppose one must adapt one's self to one's surroundings—but at home, I assure you, I am a most *exclusive* person.

SONG.

[*Chorus of six girls and six men of the SOCIETY SET. The others are amused and retire up stage. ANGUS remains with MEDULLA, to whom she sings most of her song.*]

MEDULLA.

I'm a very proper maiden and I come from Boston Town,
Of a family both ancient and respected.
My pedigree for many generations has come down,
And proves that I am very well connected.

My circulation is the very bluest of the blue,
I wear blue stockings, too—here's proof conclusive.

[*Bus.—Shows blue stocking.*]

Oh, dear me!

Don't come near me!

You will queer me, if you do;

You know I really *have* to be exclusive.

McADAM AND EVE

[REFRAIN.]

As I take my way
Down Beacon Street each day,
With haughty air
And frigid stare
I greet the common clay.
[Bus.—with lorgnette.]
To all I meet
On Beacon Street
With chilling glance I say,

Dear me! Dear me!
Who can you be?
I wonder where we met.
Oh, dear! I fear!
I fear! Oh, dear!
You can't be in my set!
[Chorus repeats refrain, with same bus.]

I'm a walking cyclopædia of literature and art;
Of science, too, I'm a conglomeration.
I've the 'osophies and 'ologies and 'isms all by heart,
I'm a product of the higher education.

I can speak in fourteen languages, I've taken nine degrees;
They say I'm a Blue *stocking*—do you think so?
Oh, pray sir!
Keep away, sir!
Don't get gay, sir—if you please!
It is culture and refinement make me shrink so.

[Refrain—and chorus—waltz.]
[After song some of the guests are offended,
others amused. They stroll about chatting.]

McADAM AND EVE

MEDULLA.

I *will* see what is behind that curtain, and I *won't* wait for Mr. McAdam. I am going to find out *now*.

[As she goes toward curtain ANGUS tries to stop her; she sweeps him to one side. The guests gather around, the SOCIETY SET interested, the ARTIST SET horrified, as she takes hold of the curtain.]

A LADY *[of ARTIST SET]*.

But it is impossible! Monsieur McAdam has not given his permission.

ARTIST SET.

No. No!

SOCIETY SET.

Go on! Go on! Let us see!

[MEDULLA throws curtain back, disclosing a partially completed statue, the head of which is very beautiful.]

ALL *[in admiration]*.

Oh!

[McADAM enters from L. I. E. Stands quietly. ANGUS seeing him enter crosses immediately and assists him to change his frock coat for velvet jacket.]

[Bus.—McADAM ruffles hair, loosens tie—for artistic effect.]

McADAM.

I beg your pardon.

ALL *[rushing to him]*.

Oh, Mr. McAdam.

MEDULLA.

I *couldn't* wait.

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Yes—I see, you have inherited your share of your greatest grandmother's ruling passion.

ALL.

Whose?

McADAM.

Your greatest grandmother, Eve! Forgive me for running away, but I had some important business to attend to. [*To ANGUS, who in dumb show has asked for news.*] No. It's no go, I'm afraid. [*ANGUS is much disturbed. McADAM smiles, pats him on shoulder, and turns to his guests, who flock about him admiringly.*]

MEDULLA.

Oh! Mr. McAdam, what a genius you are!
[*McADAM smiles at her.*]

A LADY.

Perfectly wonderful!

SOCIETY SET.

Perfectly wonderful!

MEDULLA.

What a beautiful head it has! [*Indicating statue.*]
Where did you find the model?

McADAM.

It is the face of the woman I love.
[*ARTIST SET laugh heartily, MEDULLA and her set are furious.*]
Ah! you like my poor little efforts.

ALL.

It is wonderful.

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Thank you. If fate (and my creditors) allow me to finish my masterpiece, I may deserve your appreciation.

ELDERLY LADY.

I wish we could see you work.

ALL.

Oh! yes.

YOUNG LADY.

Won't you *please* sculp a little for us?

ALL.

Please do.

McADAM.

With all these beautiful faces about me? I couldn't do a stroke.

SOCIETY GIRLS.

Oh! how sweet!

A YOUNG LADY.

Does she love you?

McADAM.

No—and I am afraid she never will—she is so cold.

MEDULLA [*aside*].

How I could love that man. He is such a genius!

ELDERLY LADY.

I cannot place the face—have I ever met her?

McADAM.

I think not. She isn't out yet.

YOUNG LADY.

Not out? How remarkable!

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Out of the marble, I mean.

ALL.

Oh! Mr. McAdam!

MEDULLA.

Why don't you love some one who would love you in return?

SOCIETY GIRLS [*crowding around him*].

Yes!

[ARTIST SET *shocked at the forwardness of the*
SOCIETY GIRLS.]

A LADY ARTIST [*maliciously and looking at MEDULLA*].
Surely, M'sieu need not look far.

MEDULLA.

A genius is so wonderful. I do not see how you *do* it at all.

McADAM.

Oh! it's really very easy when you once know how.

SONG (McADAM).

[*Sung in very blasé style.*]

If you ask me to give you a recipe,
How to be a genius just like me.
You must wear a velvet coat and ruffle up your hair,
And cultivate a look of wild despair;
Flatter every beauty of the wealthy set,
'Till she gives you an order for a statuette.
And then—

CHORUS.

And then?

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Then they'll all cry genius as you do now,
It's really very easy when you once know how.

CHORUS.

Then they'll all cry genius, etc.

McADAM.

I once asked a lady in the upper ten
The secret of her wonderful success with men.
Said she, it's very simple, I keep them on the guess,
My lips say No! No! No!
While my eyes say Yes! Yes! YES!
Then she smiled a little smile and she nestled very near,
And she blushed a little blush as she whispered in my
ear!

CHORUS.

What?

[McADAM *whispers in ear of lady on each side,*
who whispers to next and so on—he watches the
effect—all laugh.]

McADAM.

That is her secret—you know it now—
You see it's very easy when you once know how.

CHORUS [*repeat*].

[*After song, McADAM turns up stage and starts*
for studio, guests preceding and accompanying
him. ATTORNEY enters, ANGUS pulls Mc-
ADAM's sleeve and leads him to ATTORNEY.
Guests go off, MEDULLA last.]

McADAM [*to MEDULLA*].

Pardon me a moment. A matter of business.

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM [*to ATTORNEY*].

Did you succeed?—will they stay proceedings?

ATTORNEY.

No, I failed—they refuse to grant a stay—the Sheriff may be here at any moment.

[CONCIERGE *enters R., with note—hands note to ANGUS, who tries to kiss her—she slaps him and goes off at R. ANGUS hands note to McADAM on tray.*]

McADAM [*while opening the note turns irritably to TON- DONI*].

Why don't you sing something? what are you here for?

[*Reads note—looks at watch.*]

[*To ATTORNEY.*]

The Sheriff will be here in ten minutes.

[*Points to door R.*]

Keep a look-out and tell me when you hear him.

[*Exit ATTORNEY, door R.*]

SIG. TONDONI.

[*Singing at top of his voice.*]

“Ah! beleef me eef all zose eendeering”—

McADAM.

[*To SIG. T.*]

Oh, stop that horrible din!

[*A guest and McADAM seize TONDONI, who struggles violently—HERR B. rises, gathers up music—furious.*]

HERR B.

[*Shaking his gloved fist.*]

This is too much already—I go mad!—

[*Exit HERR B.*]

McADAM AND EVE

SIG. TONDONI.

[*Sings while struggling between McADAM and guest,
who drag him down stage.*]

SONG.

How dare you to say—
When I sing or I play,
That I make you a horrible din?
I will *not* go away—
You engaged me to play;
You see the position I'm in!

[*As he reaches last line his feet skate forward
and he slides to a sitting position on the floor—
McADAM and guest each holding on to an arm
—he sings the last line, "You see the position
I'm in," sitting on the floor, gesticulating vio-
lently.*]

[*During the song, the guests point derisively—
singing the chorus:*]

CHORUS.

We cannot deny,
It is plain to the eye
That a pretty position he's in.
We make the admission,
A pretty position—
A pretty position he's in!

TONDONI.

[*Rising to his feet, still struggling.*]
You engaged me to play
And I'll sing till I'm gray!
And I'll make you a horrible din!

McADAM AND EVE

I will *not* go away—
Till you give me my pay—
You see the position I'm in!

[While SIG. TONDINI sings second verse he is dragged to the antique chest and forced into it—arriving at the line, "*You see the position I'm in,*" as they are about to close the lid upon him.]

CHORUS.

We cannot deny,
It is plain to the eye
That a pretty position he's in.
We make the admission,
A pretty position—
A pretty position he's in!

[McADAM closes lid and locks the chest. ANGUS jumps on chest and does the Highland fling.]

McADAM.

[*Laughing.*]
I think we've had *enough* of him.
[*Guests retire up—laughing.*]
[ATTORNEY enters hurriedly.]

ATTORNEY.

[To McADAM.]
There's no time to lose—he's on his way!

McADAM.

The—

ATTORNEY.

—the Sheriff—he will be here directly!

McADAM.

Don't stand there like a lunatic—suggest something!—

McADAM AND EVE

ATTORNEY.

I have it! a lunatic!

McADAM.

What do you mean?

ATTORNEY.

Tell them that a lunatic has escaped from the asylum next door and may be here at any moment—but he is harmless if he is humored.

McADAM.

Good! But! everyone will know that he's the Sheriff!

ATTORNEY.

On the contrary they will think that he thinks that he's the Sheriff.

McADAM.

[*Embracing ATTORNEY.*]

You have saved my life! I will break it to them gently.

[*To the guests.*]

Ladies and Gentlemen—I have the pleasure to announce—I mean—I regret to say—that an escaped lunatic is at large—

[*Sensation.*]

—and in this building—

[*Alarm.*]

—he may be

here at any minute!

[*Increased panic.*]

[*Aside.*]

I never *could* break anything gently.

[*Aloud.*]

Do not be alarmed—I am assured he is perfectly harm-

McADAM AND EVE

less—but in order to facilitate his capture I ask you to humor him in his hallucination—whatever it may be.

[*Very loud knock on door.*]

SHERIFF.

[*Outside.*]

Open in the name of the law!

[*ANGUS opens door.*]

[*SHERIFF enters and strikes Napoleonic attitude—*

ANGUS.

[*Obsequiously.*]

What name, my lord?

SHERIFF.

[*Angrily.*]

My name!—my name!—I am the law!—

[*Guests laugh.*]

I am the Republic—I am France! I am here to carry out the decree of—

McADAM.

[*Interrupting.*]

—the decree of destiny!

SHERIFF.

[*Advancing C.*]

I come in the name—

McADAM.

—in the name of the Republic—say no more—we welcome you in the name of—

SHERIFF.

[*Stamping his foot.*]

I say I come to execute—

McADAM.

—to execute the foes of liberty.

MCADAM AND EVE

SHERIFF.

[*More angry.*]
Sir!—I am—

MCADAM.

We know—we have guessed—who could mistake that voice, that mien—[*Aside*—damn mean—that melancholy brow! You are Napoleon Bonaparte!—
[*Guests applaud.*]

SHERIFF.

[*Aside.*]
Can this be the lunatic asylum? I must humor them.
[*To McADAM.*] Sir, who are you?
[*Ensemble.*]

MCADAM.

I am Julius Cæsar and I'm very glad to meet you.
[*Spins SHERIFF across the stage to ATTORNEY.*]

ATTORNEY.

And I'm the King of Timbuctoo, and I should like to eat you.
[*Spins SHERIFF to a gentleman up centre.*]

GENTLEMAN.

And I am Alexander, a warrior great and mighty.
[*Spins SHERIFF to ANGUS.*]

ANGUS.

[*Courtesying shyly.*]
Dinna ye ken me, laddie?—why, I am Aphrodite.
[*When ensemble ends, SHERIFF is left bewildered and breathless C. down stage. McADAM crosses to ATTORNEY.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

[*Aside to ATTORNEY.*]

I am saved.

ATTORNEY.

For the present.

[*Enter Hungarian band—very bushy hair, etc.—comes down from Gallery with instruments and music. They gesticulate to one another excitedly, all talking at once—broken English.*]

LEADER.

We will not play any more—not one note—we make ourselves very tired—we have a pain—we are very mad—we go home—he will not pay us our money—he is a robber—he has no money.

[*SHERIFF, hearing another voice, is startled. Backs up stage, bowing and smiling nervously. Leader discovers him—advances toward them—they bump. SHERIFF jumps backward down, draws sword. Leader advances to him.*]

LEADER.

Ah! It is the Sheriff. Arrest him! He rob us! we want our pay—he is a thief.

[*SHERIFF backs away with drawn sword toward door R., where ANGUS stands—SHERIFF turns round as he nears door.*]

ANGUS.

Hoot, mon!

[*SHERIFF jumps back in fright—ANGUS opens door, bowing low—SHERIFF makes a rush past him—ANGUS closes door. LEADER and BAND follow—guests retire up, and exeunt into studio.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Well, the jig is up sure!—What the devil did I give a party for anyway?—But I *had* to do something! It was bluff or bust—and it's turned up bust—Not a single damn'd statue sold!—There are forty million dollars in that room—[*Sounds of laughter in studio*]*—and in this room—[Feels in his pocket—tosses up a silver piece—].* Tails—I lose.

[*Laughter in studio.*]

[*Sits on chest.*]

SIG. T.

[*Inside chest.*]

You see the position he's in!

SERPENT THEME PIANISSIMO.

[SERPENT enters through narrow movable panel in door R.—He wears, over Serpent costume, long, fashionable, loose overcoat with fur collar—and silk hat—and has scarlet mustache and imperial—(as in SCENE 1)—Serpent music pianissimo—ANGUS, though looking directly at SERPENT does not see him or turn as he passes. McADAM, rising from chest, has taken a few paces left—he turns and walks toward the door R. as the SERPENT enters, but does not see anyone, though looking straight at him. They approach each other, the SERPENT passes and crosses toward arch centre—pausing at intervals and looking around as if seeking something. McADAM turns again, and walks left—still does not see SERPENT, though looking straight at him as before. SERPENT approaches centre arch—till directly in front of the half finished statue of Eve. Pauses with gesture of

McADAM AND EVE

rapture. Advances quickly and drops on one knee before it, extending his arms, etc.—He then comes down—meeting McADAM. When within a couple of paces, the SERPENT stops and removes his hat. McADAM starts back with a cry of astonishment. ANGUS starts with surprise also. As SERPENT passed left he allowed his coat to open and showed SERPENT costume to audience.]

McADAM.

I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but I did not see you enter.

SERPENT.

The fault was mine—I forgot to remove my hat.

McADAM.

[Puzzled.]

Your hat?—

SERPENT.

It is a hat of darkness. When I wear it I am invisible—

[Puts on hat—McADAM amazed. Bus.: feeling the air.]

Out of sight, as you say; isn't it?

McADAM.

You have the advantage of me.

SERPENT.

[Aside.]

That is my *business* to have the advantage.

[To McADAM.]

I am a connoisseur, monsieur!

[Looking round.]

McADAM AND EVE

I have a collection of—er—statues—

[Points to EVE's statue.]

Your statue of Eve strikes me particularly.

McADAM.

You are clever to guess the subject.

[Aside.]

How did he know?—I have told no one.—It is my life's dream—I love it as my very self. Alas! it will never be finished.

SERPENT.

It shows great promise. I also am a creator—I can create music.

McADAM.

You are a composer?

SERPENT.

An inventor—I have invented a music-box.

McADAM.

A music-box!

SERPENT.

An animated music-box.—May I have the honor of showing it to your guests?

McADAM.

[Aside.]

The very thing!

[To SERPENT.]

I shall be charmed—shall I introduce you to—

SERPENT.

Pray do not trouble, monsieur. With your permission I will keep my hat on and so remain invisible.

[Guests enter from studio.]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

As you please.

[SERPENT *puts on hat, exit arch C., closing curtain.*]

McADAM.

[*Coming down.*]

Ladies and Gentlemen—With your kind permission I am now going to give you a surprise.

[*A sound as of winding an enormous music-box is heard.*]

MUSIC BOX.

[*Popular selections orchestrated to imitate exactly music-box on exaggerated scale. The successive choruses who represent the comb or keys of music-box are costumed in silver—(in style appropriate to each air played)—and stand on wedge-shaped platform, painted silver, with rivets, etc., to look like lower edge of comb. Cylinder of gilt is reproduction on large scale of music-box barrel—revolving slowly. Whole framed in black—Black curtain, or lid; after each selection each chorus descends among guests, and performs dance appropriate to its tune—followed by “Encore chorus” from guests. Music-box curtain then rises on another chorus and tune.*]

SELECTIONS.

AMARYLLIS	{	Costumes, Louis XVI.
	{	Dance, Minuet.
TOREADOR SONG	{	Costumes, Toreador.
Carmen.	{	Dance, Spanish.
MARSEILLAISE	{	Costumes, Napoleonic.
	{	March.
HOME, SWEET HOME.		

McADAM AND EVE

[Guests' chorus with hand claps.]

TREBLE: Charming, charming—
 Encore! Charming—
 We must have it just once more.
 Charming, charming;
 Encore! Charming;
 They must give us an encore.

BASS: Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!

[Music-box scene ends in confused flight of chorus girls back to box, pursued by guests singing Encore song. Curtain falls on music-box.]

[A loud knock is heard door R.—Applause stops —SHERIFF'S voice: "Open in the name of the law!" Enter SHERIFF—this time accompanied by gens-d'armes and creditors—including Hungarian band. The creditors clamor for their money—the SHERIFF silences them—he has brought a writ, empowering him to seize everything in the studio. Accompanied by gens-d'armes and followed by creditors, he marches back into studio. Workmen enter to workmen music (same jig as in Gnome scene), to which they keep time dancing. They begin removing palms and statues, furniture, etc.—arches also removed, making studio and reception-room into one.]

[The workmen move statue a few paces toward door R.—SERPENT (invisible) crosses in front of statue and places his hand lightly on it—it remains stationary—The workmen push with all their might in vain—the other workmen join and push, but it will not move. The SHERIFF orders workmen aside and pushes himself, without moving it an inch.]

McADAM AND EVE

SHERIFF.

Never mind. It's only an old piece of stone.

[*Workmen start to lift chest.*]

What's in that chest?

McADAM.

[*Aside.*]

My God!—the tenor! [*Aloud*] Now you speak of it,
I believe there *is* a tenor in that chest.

SHERIFF.

Open it.

[*The chest is unlocked and discloses the unconscious TONDONI, who revives, and sitting up in chest begins to sing:*]

I cannot deny,
It's plain to the eye
A pretty position I'm in.
I'll make the admission,
A pretty position—
A pretty position I'm in!

[*TONDONI, singing in chest, is carried off by workmen; chorus including MEDULLA and SHERIFF follow singing chorus ("A pretty position he's in," etc.), and pointing derisively at McADAM.*]

[*Stage is now bare of everything except statue; studio window and ladder at back are visible.*]

[*The lights are lowered. The SERPENT stands between McADAM and ANGUS—McADAM L., ANGUS R.—The SERPENT still has his hat on, and is invisible.*]

McADAM.

Are we alone, Angus?

MCADAM AND EVE

ANGUS.

I dinna ken—I nae like his looks when he's out of sight.

[Peers around mysteriously—feeling the air—exclaims suddenly:]

Hats off!—

SERPENT.

[Startled—takes off his hat and becomes visible.]

I beg your pardon.

[MCADAM and ANGUS both jump.]

ANGUS.

Leesteners hear nae guid o' theirsels!—

MCADAM.

I thought you had gone—

[With gesture round empty room.]

Won't you be seated?—

SERPENT.

[Produces a cigarette case.]

Have a cigarette?

MCADAM.

Thank you.

[They light.]

SERPENT.

[Examining statue.]

And this is your work?

MCADAM.

Yes and no. It is a strange story: I bought it from a marble-cutter here in Paris—

SERPENT.

In Paris?—

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

He told me it was found in a quarry—in the Black Forest in Germany—and when found, it bore a strange resemblance to a woman's form.

SERPENT.

A freak of nature, no doubt.

McADAM.

That's what they said—But I knew better—It was a message from the gods. I said: I will do the great work of my life. I will carve from this marble the form of the most beautiful woman in the world—the ideal of feminine perfection.—

SERPENT.

And you would call it—

McADAM.

I would call it *Eve*!

SERPENT.

[*Aside.*]
Eve!—

McADAM.

And now, alas! it will never be finished!—

SERPENT.

Will you sell it, Monsieur?—

McADAM.

What do you mean?

SERPENT.

I wish to buy it.

McADAM.

As it is?—

McADAM AND EVE

SERPENT.

As it is.

McADAM.

It is yours already—but for you the Sheriff would have taken it.

SERPENT.

Will you take fifty thousand dollars?

McADAM.

Do not jest with me!—

SERPENT.

I mean it.

[SERPENT crosses above statue—MCADAM and ANGUS remain facing audience—SERPENT drops on one knee, stretching out his arms—Statue glows pink—EVE's music is heard faintly.]

My Eve!—Mine once more!—

McADAM.

Fifty—thousand—dollars?

SERPENT.

[*Coming down.*]
Is it a bargain?—

McADAM.

It is—

SERPENT.

[Handing paper.]
Sign!

[Bus.]

I will send for it to-night at the stroke of twelve—and I will pay you in gold.

[McADAM bows.]

Your hand on it!

[*They clasp hands.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

[*Still holding SERPENT's hand.*]

And now may I ask to whom I am indebted for this—
this munificence—who *are* you?

SERPENT.

[*Throwing open his coat—disclosing snake costume.*]

I am the Serpent!

[*The words are echoed by first bar of Serpent
song, Scene I.*]

McADAM.

[*Dropping his hands.*]

The Serpent!—

ANGUS.

[*In awed whisper—falling on knees.*]

Hoot, mon!

[*The SERPENT makes sweeping bow.*]

McADAM.

[*Reaching out to seize hold of SERPENT.*]

You shall not—

[*SERPENT places hat on his head—stepping back
—McADAM grasps empty air. SERPENT backs
to door R.—laughing in pantomime—holding
sides, slapping knee, etc.*] [*Sinister, abrupt
music on orchestra.*]

McADAM.

[*Feeling about in air—and following SERPENT.*]

I take it back—I will not sell her!—You shall not have
my Eve!—the bargain is off.

[*ANGUS has crossed to door R.—leans against,
and holds handle—SERPENT passes unseen
through panel centre of door—laugh music be-
comes fainter and ceases.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

No use, Angus—he must have gone through the floor!
—But Serpent or no Serpent, he shall not take my statue
—I will finish it myself—I will begin this very night!

McADAM.

To work!—

[He takes chisel—puts blouse over his coat, and begins chiselling on statue—after a few strokes he drops chisel.]

I feel drowsy—it must be this cursed cigarette—where did it come from, Angus?

ANGUS.

I ken it was the Serpent that gave it you.

McADAM.

The Serpent!—

[Throws down cigarette—picks up chisel again and tries to work—but is overcome by drowsiness.]

I feel very sleepy!—

I'll lie down a moment, Angus—I feel—

[ANGUS catches him—lays him down on bench (formerly a divan), and covers him with his tartan—a crimson silk plaid.]

ANGUS.

Puir laddie—no wonder he's tired!

[Sits on floor with his back to head of couch, and plays on pipes, "Home, Sweet Home." ANGUS falls asleep as he plays—Stage becomes dark—Twelve o'clock sounds on muffled cymbals. As the clock strikes and stage becomes dark, a ray of moonshine comes through high window back, flooding ladder from top to bottom.—Gnome music is heard.]

MCADAM AND EVE

[Enter GNOMES (same as in Scene 1) through window—they descend moonlit ladder to floor, crooning Gnome tune—Each GNOME carries a large chisel and mallet—One GNOME carries a large bicycle pump, another a bag of gold. They circle around statue—and begin chiselling. Gnome music continues—The block of marble is made from the “piece mould” of plaster, used in casting a life size reclining figure of girl—the mould being cut into sections of all sizes and shapes. The girl who plays part of EVE occupies place of the cast originally taken from the mould which covers her on three sides. The GNOMES chip away the pieces of the mould as if carving a statue, the moonlight rays falling on the statue as the work progresses.]

[When the statue is completed—the GNOMES are about to bring it to life with the bicycle pump—when it is suggested in pantomime, by one of them, for prudish reasons, that she ought to be attired before bringing to life. Accordingly, the red silk plaid which covers MCADAM is removed and dropped about her—also the Tam o’Shanter cup of ANGUS, with feather, is put on her head.]

[In this costume she is easily recognizable on her first entrance in Act II.]

[The bicycle pump is then adjusted, and EVE filled with breath and brought to life.]

[EVE’s music plays.]

[EVE has apple in her hand and, being hungry, takes a bite—She sees MCADAM for the first time, and drops the apple.]

[She bends over him—enraptured with his beauty.]

McADAM AND EVE

[Gnomes murmur Gnome music angrily—EVE tries to awaken McADAM—but he only moves restlessly in his sleep.]

SONG.

EVE.

Oh, Love, my Love, awake, arise,
Let me gaze into your eyes—
Hear your lips against my own,
Tell me you are mine alone,
Tell me I am all to thee,
Oh, Love, my dearest, speak to me.

Awake, my Love, and come with me,
I have waited long for thee,
I have lain the ages through
In the dark earth calling you.
Love, my Love, at last I'm free,
Oh, Love, my dearest, come with me.

He wakens not—it is too late,
The Serpent calls—I may not wait;
Oh, Love, my Love—I go, and you,
Where I go must follow too.
Follow over land and sea,
Follow, follow, follow me,
Follow wheresoe'er I be,
Follow till you come to me.

[Exit EVE with GNOMES, looking back and beckoning McADAM at every step—They go through window—moonlight dies away.]

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

A GLADE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Between the scenes of this act a gauze drop of flowers and hanging vines.

Grassy glade in midst of flowery forest. Cigarette-tree left of centre—Arched opening in centre of wood drop at back—In front of the opening a gauze foliage drop, which when raised discovers a mossy bank or couch from which an inclined pathway leads down stage—Curtain rises on dawn. Chorus of dew maidens—costumes filmy, clinging, they carry crystal watering cans and execute dreamy dance (of Nautch character) among the flowers.

DEW CHORUS.

Waken, flowers! dreamy eyed,
Cast the spell of sleep aside.

Waken, flowers! gone is night;
Rise and make the garden bright.

Lift your sleepy petals up.
Drink from out our crystal cup.

See! the sun will soon be here,
And we then must disappear.

McADAM AND EVE

He will touch us with his ray,
And we all shall melt away—

Melt away—

Melt away—

[*Exit Dew chorus.*]

[*Mists rise, disclosing Flower chorus, disposed in half-reclining groups about stage. The FLOWERS are dressed in leaf-green of different shades and each carries a tall stalk of flowers—all of the bell variety: lily of the valley, harebell, wild hyacinth, fox-glove, etc. The flowers contain sleigh bells. The stalks are held in an upright position by the reclining flower girls (or stuck into the floor)—the FLOWERS awake (bus.) and dance to the Flower music—ringing the flower bells—Stage grows light.*]

[*The dance of the FLOWERS is followed immediately by entrance of BEE POSTMAN—(Bee music). The BEE has postman helmet—and carries postman's letter-bag. He distributes different-colored favors among the FLOWERS, who cluster about him. To the Queen of the FLOWERS he hands a letter.*]

[*While the FLOWERS promenade and compare their favors, the QUEEN OF FLOWERS and FIRST FLOWER come down.*]

QUEEN.

A letter! What does it mean?

FLOWER.

What are those funny marks on the outside?

QUEEN.

That is writing—it shows it is from a mortal.

MCADAM AND EVE

FLOWER.

What is writing?

QUEEN.

Writing is what takes the place of smell to mortals—
it is their imperfect means of communication.

FLOWER.

Poor things! How can they make love?—

QUEEN.

It gives them no *end* of trouble.

FLOWER.

There is no mortal in this garden?—

QUEEN.

There once was a mortal—two hundred million years
ago.—

FLOWER.

Who was she?—

QUEEN.

Her name was Eve.

FLOWER.

What became of her?

QUEEN.

She got married—and had to leave—

FLOWER.

To leave the Garden?—

QUEEN.

Yes. Marriage is against the rule—but sh—h!—the
Butterflies are coming—perhaps they will bring us some
news.

[*Butterfly music.*]

McADAM AND EVE

[*Enter Butterfly chorus.*]

[*The BUTTERFLIES are of different colors, and find their partners according to the color of the favors held by the FLOWERS.*]

BUTTERFLY AND FLOWER DANCE.

[*After the dance, the FLOWERS and BUTTERFLIES break up into groups, and promenade off R. and L.*]

[*QUEEN OF FLOWERS and PRINCE OF BUTTERFLIES come down together, whispering—They look cautiously around.*]

FLOWER QUEEN.

Impossible! You must be mistaken!—

BUTTERFLY.

On my oath as a Butterfly!

QUEEN.

Tell me again—when was it?—

BUTTERFLY.

I do not know the time—'twas scarcely dusk—I saw her plain as day—she passed close by me—*almost* brushed my wing—and there was music!—Oh, most wonderful!—

QUEEN.

What kind of wings did she have?

BUTTERFLY.

Wings!—I tell you she was a mortal—a human being! a lady!

QUEEN.

[*Amazement bus.*]

A mortal!—a lady!—What did she wear?—

McADAM AND EVE

BUTTERFLY.

She wore a crimson kirtle, of a wondrous softness—
like to the poppy's petal—caught up on one shoulder—
so—

QUEEN.

Was it cut bias?

BUTTERFLY.

I know not—but in some mysterious fashion known to
womankind—and on her head a sort of cap wherein was
stuck a feather stolen from a bird of prey!

QUEEN.

The letter! mayhap it was for *her*—

BUTTERFLY.

The letter?—what letter!

QUEEN.

[*Looking around mysteriously.*]

Sh—h! a letter came this morning, marked with the
spider marks wherewith the mortals tell their thoughts—

BUTTERFLY.

—with writing!—

QUEEN.

[*Producing letter.*]

See!—

[*Butterfly looks at letter over the FLOWER'S
shoulder—EVE'S music is heard—very softly at
first—growing louder. A pink light glows
through gauze curtain in front of couch at back.*]

[*QUEEN and BUTTERFLY start and turn.*]

QUEEN.

Hist! hear you that music?—

McADAM AND EVE

BUTTERFLY.

It is the same!—the self-same music that I heard when,
yester e'en, I saw the mortal!—It's mortal music!—

QUEEN.

Look! see the light! It grows!—

BUTTERFLY.

It is the dawn—

QUEEN.

'Tis more than light of dawn!

[They start up toward bank and pause—At final crescendo of EVE's music, FLOWER QUEEN raises her stalk of flowers and shakes the bells. The Flower and Butterfly chorus re-enter, dancing to Butterfly music. They range themselves R. and L.—gazing up centre.]

[The gauze drop in front of opening at back rises, disclosing EVE asleep, profiled against rosy light—She wears the crimson tartan of ANGUS, and the Tam o'Shanter, with long feather, is by her side.]

[EVE's music repeats.]

[EVE wakes. Bus.]

[EVE comes down incline—slowly.—Bus.: bewilderment.]

FLOWERS AND BUTTERFLIES.

A mortal!

[FLOWER QUEEN and BUTTERFLY PRINCE advance to meet her. Each bows on one knee—and rising, each takes a hand—leading EVE down.]

EVE.

I know not where I am!—

McADAM AND EVE

QUEEN.

This is the Garden of Eden.

EVE.

The Garden of Eden!—and you?—

QUEEN.

[*Haughtily.*]

I am the Queen of the Flowers!

BUTTERFLY.

And I the Prince of all the Butterflies!

QUEEN.

And you—Oh, wondrous lady!—tell us who you are
and whence you came.—Know you not that in this Gar-
den no mortals are allowed—!

EVE.

Listen—I will tell you who I am—

SONG.

EVE.

Many million years gone, maybe,
When Old Time was but a baby,
And this world was in its A B,
C, I first saw light of day.

I was then the charming Missis
Of a garden such as this is;
'Twas a paradise of blisses,
And my life was bright and gay.

But it chanced one fatal morning—
It was early in the Fall,
That I disobeyed the warning—

McADAM AND EVE

*And my joy was turned to mourning,
For, they banished me with scorning
Far outside the Garden wall.*

CHORUS.

Oh, that fatal, fatal morning,
When she disobeyed the warning,
And they banished her with scorning,
Far outside the Garden wall.

EVE.

It was wrong, there's no denying,
Thus the rules to be defying;
And there is no use in trying
My behavior to condone.

But I took my condemnation,
And I made no lamentation—
For I found this consolation:
That I did not go alone.

I forgot the Serpent's hisses,
In the beauties of the Fall.
Yes! I left this land of Blisses;
But—I changed the *Miss* to *Mrs.*,
And I found a world of kisses
Far beyond the Garden wall.

CHORUS.

Yes, she left this land of Blisses;
But she changed the *Miss* to *Mrs.*,
And she found a *world* of kisses,
Far beyond the Garden wall.

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

We at once began housekeeping ;
And I sewed, while he was reaping,
And we had no time for weeping,
As we toiled from morn till night.

When at last I closed Life's pages,
I was changed in countless ages,
And through geologic stages,
Into marble pure and white.

Then the Serpent came and bought me,
For a sum by no means small.
And the Gnomes with chisels wrought me,
And with breath of life they fraught me.
Now you see at last they've brought me
Back inside the Garden wall.

CHORUS.

Then the Gnomes with chisels wrought her,
And with breath of life they fraught her ;
And now you see they've brought her
Back inside the Garden wall.

EVE.

Yet my sad confession this is,
Though of Paradise the Missis,
I'm afraid I'll miss the kisses
Of the land beyond the wall.

CHORUS.

Yet her sad confession this is,
Though of Paradise the Missis,
She's afraid she'll miss the kisses, etc.
[*Chorus of FLOWERS and BUTTERFLIES go off.*]

McADAM AND EVE

FLOWER QUEEN. EVE. BUTTERFLY PRINCE.

BUTTERFLY.

And are you *really* Eve?

EVE.

Don't I look like her?

BUTTERFLY.

As far as *I* can see, you do.—[*Bus.*]

EVE.

And is this really the Garden of Eden?—

QUEEN.

Do you find it changed?

EVE.

It is a long time since I was here.

BUTTERFLY.

Two hundred million years ago to-day!—

EVE.

How time does fly!

QUEEN.

Tell us how you came here.

EVE.

I have told you all I know. It was in Paris—it was at midnight. The Gnomes—how they worked—how they chiselled and carved and hammer'd—till I was Eve—in all but life—and then they gave me life—and—and—well, here I am—

QUEEN.

What were the Gnomes like?

EVE.

Ugh!—they were horrid!

McADAM AND EVE

BUTTERFLY.

[*Looking EVE over.*]

But they were good workmen.—

QUEEN.

Were they *all* ugly?

EVE.

There was one—!

[*Rapturous.*]

but *he* was not a Gnome—Oh, he was beautiful!—From the moment I saw him—I—loved him—and he loved me.

QUEEN.

Did he tell you so?

EVE.

He did not speak—I left him—he was *fast*—

QUEEN AND BUTTERFLY.

[*Interrupting.*]

—*fast*!—how shocking—no wonder you left him—

EVE.

He was *fast*—asleep!

BUTTERFLY.

Then he has never seen you?

EVE.

He saw me in his dreams—I know he did—he held his arms out thus—and when I kissed him—

QUEEN.

You kissed him!—

BUTTERFLY.

How does one kiss?

EVE.

'Tis thus—

[*Kisses BUTTERFLY.*]

McADAM AND EVE

QUEEN.

[*Interrupting.*]

For shame!

[*To BUTTERFLY.*]

You know we may not *speak* of kissing in this garden!—

BUTTERFLY.

In *very* truth—she did not speak the word—she did explain the way of it—in dumb show—thus—

[*Kisses FLOWER QUEEN.*]

QUEEN.

'Twas done so quick I did not follow it!—

BUTTERFLY.

'Twas thus—

[*Kisses her again.*]

[*EVE laughs—FLOWER QUEEN, as BUTTERFLY kisses her, holds up her hands, and lets fall the letter—EVE sees it fall, and picks it up unobserved—conceals it.*]

QUEEN.

[*Disengaging herself.*]

Have done!—I like it but indifferent well—

[*BUTTERFLY makes as if to kiss her again.*]

Have done—have done!—

[*Runs up and off R.—BUTTERFLY follows.*]

EVE.

[*Looks around cautiously.*]

I am alone!—

[*Takes out letter—reads envelope.*]

For Eve!

[*Turns it over.*]

McADAM AND EVE

It is from Paris—can it be from my love?

[*Enter FLOWER and BUTTERFLY—looking as for something lost. EVE hastily hides letter.*]

QUEEN.

I dropped a letter somewhere—perchance you may have found it—

EVE.

A letter—a letter—? I see no letter.

[*Helps them to look for it.*]

Mayhap you lost it further in the glade.

[*Exit FLOWER and BUTTERFLY.*]

EVE.

'Tis from my love—

[*Kisses letter.*]

[SERPENT MUSIC.]

[*Enter SERPENT in puff of steam—descending in a trapeze of vines from amid the high branches of the Cigarette-tree.—EVE hastily hides letter. —SERPENT performs trapeze and contortion act.*]

EVE.

[*Aside.*]

The Serpent!

[*EVE watches the contortion act with interest, mixed with terror—SERPENT ends with a series of somersaults—ending on bass drum and cymbals.*]

SERPENT.

Good-morning, Miss Eve!

EVE.

Good-morning, Mr. Serpent—

McADAM AND EVE

SERPENT.

How do you like my garden?

EVE.

Your garden!

SERPENT.

I call it mine—I call *you* mine, too.

EVE.

Me! Yours!

SERPENT.

I brought you back to Eden—you are mine by purchase!

[Picks cigarette off tree—lights it.]

Have a cigarette?

EVE.

[Pointing to sign.]

Smoking is forbidden.

SERPENT.

Can't I tempt you?

EVE.

Not to-day, thank you.

SERPENT.

Well, good afternoon. By the way—I give a ball this evening in honor of your return—you will come, of course?

EVE.

I shall be delighted!—but who will be there?

SERPENT.

I have invited the Flowers and the Butterflies, and the Lion—in fact all the animals.

EVE.

I shall be charmed to meet them.

McADAM AND EVE

SERPENT.

Well, au revoir.

EVE.

Good-by.

[Exit SERPENT—trapeze.]

[Crosses to cigarette-tree.]

EVE.

They look so good—I'm sure *one* cigarette wouldn't hurt me!

[Picks a cigarette—lights it.]

At last he has gone—now for the letter.

[Takes out letter from her cap.]

[Opens letter—sits on bank at foot of tree.]

[Reads.]

My EVE—my ideal—I cannot give you up. I cannot live without you—even now I am following you—I love you—Trust me, my angel—and wait for me. By the time you get this I may be near you—They shall not steal you from me—You are mine—and I am yours—yours only,

ARCHIE McADAM.

P.S.—*My piper, ANGUS, is with me. Listen for "The Campbells are Coming."*

EVE.

[Kisses letter.]

He may be here any moment. I must go to him.

[Half rises.]

I feel so drowsy—the cigarette has gone to my head—it grows dark!—

[Sinks back asleep against the tree—drops letter.]

[Stage grows dark, then blue light. Four Pages enter dressed as Garter Snakes—green spangles—each with large diamond garter—they carry

McADAM AND EVE

large cigarette—about two feet in diameter, marked in gold, La Mode. This is placed over trap.]

[TABLEAUX LA MODE.]

[SERPENT MUSIC.]

[Cigarette is made to open in front and fold back right and left, so that it presents a flat surface, like a large sheet of paper, about 6 x 9 feet. Standing on end, like a screen, and representing a leaf from a fashion journal—at the top are printed the words, "La Mode." A wash of violet color is painted on the middle of the sheet to form a back-ground for the figures. Each figure stands on small white stand, wide enough for words, Fig. 1—Fig. 2, etc., painted in large black letters. The Garter Snakes open the cigarette, and hold it in position for each picture.] (See Pictures.)

[Each picture consists of one figure—posed in stiff fashion-plate manner—and beginning with Fig. 1, which represents the earliest fashion-plate in history—a girl, supposedly nude, hiding behind enormous fig-leaf, which she holds in front of her like an umbrella—only her head and shoulders and ankles showing. The other figures represent different stages of a fashionable modern toilette, as shown in colored plates of a fashionable journal. If desired, a scene could be substituted, representing the evolution of a fashionable modern lady's costume, from the style of EVE to the present day.]

[After last tableau, cigarette begins to smoke and glow and burn away. (Coarse wire gauze cylinder, painted to resemble ash, and contain-

McADAM AND EVE

ing electric light, rises inside of cigarette—as cigarette sinks through trap—steam issues through wire gauze.) Cigarette disappears in steam, and in its place is a band-box—supposedly all that is left of cigarette. Garter Snakes go off. Change of light. EVE wakes—discovers the band-box—opens it, and pulls out dress of gauze, appliqued with vine leaves—a hat of pale green, with flowers and leaves—green silk stockings—green shoes—green mousquetaire gloves—and green parasol.]

[EVE shows delight at the dress—tries stockings on her arms, and mousquetaire gloves on her feet, etc.]

[Enter FLOWERS—discover EVE occupied with dresses—they wait upon and dress her. When EVE is dressed, she wishes she could see herself—and the FLOWERS pick up a pool—(an oval mirror, fringed with grass and water-lilies) and hold it before her. EVE surveys herself with satisfaction. While finally adjusting her hat—the bagpipes are heard off—playing “The Campbells are Coming!”]

[EVE starts.]

FLOWER QUEEN.

Why did'st thou start?

EVE.

[Aside.]

“The Campbells are Coming!”

[To FLOWER.]

Dinna ye hear the slogan?

QUEEN.

'Tis naught but the howling of some beast in pain!

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

I tell you 'tis "The Campbells are Coming!"—He calls me!—I must go—

QUEEN.

Who calls thee?—

[*Holds EVE back.*]

EVE.

My love! 'Tis he!—McAdam—Let me go!—

[*Struggles.*]

FLOWERS. [*All.*]

Stay! Stay!—

QUEEN.

I pray you, *go not to him.* In this Garden—'tis forbidden e'en to think of love—

EVE.

Unhand me, Flower!—I care not for your Garden and its rules!—

[*Frees herself.*]

[*Exit EVE—followed by FLOWERS, crying:*]

Stay!—Stay!—

FLOWER CURTAIN.

SCENE 2.

THE GARDEN GATE. [*Inside.*]

[*In this scene McADAM is dressed in tattered, "awfully" English traveller costume.*]

[*High stone wall at back—Gates a little left of centre—broken glass on top of wall. Gates massive—sculptured—studded with gold nails—When these gates are opened—extra barrier of wrought iron open-work is seen—drop be-*

McADAM AND EVE

hind wall shows range of lofty snow-capped mountains, with wild foreground.]

[On either side of gate, two policemen (Blue Dragon-flies)—helmets—and electric clubs—(glowing red when desired).]

[During change, the pipes sound louder ("Campbells are Coming")—knocking heard outside gate.]

FIRST POLICE.

Who goes there?

McADAM.

[Outside.]

Archibold McAdam!

SECOND VOICE.

[Strong Scotch accent.]

And Angus McCan!

SECOND POLICE.

McAdam! What kind of beast may you be?—

McADAM.

Oh, I say—don't you know, I'm not a beast—

FIRST POLICE.

[Aside.]

It must be a bird.

[Aloud.]

What kind of bird are you?

McADAM.

I say, Angus—just fancy being taken for a bird!—I'm no bird—I'm a human being—Archibold McAdam!

SECOND POLICE.

He's a mortal!

MCADAM AND EVE

FIRST POLICE.

If you're a human being you can't come into this garden—we have our orders!—

MCADAM.

We'll have to climb the wall, Angus. The Sheriff is close on our tracks. Give me a lift—

[MCADAM'S head appears over wall, followed by that of ANGUS. MCADAM and ANGUS sit on the top of wall. ANGUS carries MCADAM'S dress-suit case.]

[Bus., with broken glass.]

FIRST POLICE.

[Sounds whistle.]

MCADAM.

What is that?—

FIRST POLICE.

To call the guard.

[Whistle is answered immediately by a distant bugle call.]

[Enter THISTLE GUARDS — (short march) — GUARDS dressed as Thistles (see picture)—they carry thistle leaf halberds—they line up in front of wall and menace MCADAM and ANGUS with their spears.]

CAPTAIN.

Jump at your peril!

MCADAM.

[To Captain of Guard.]

Don't point that at me—it may shoot—I won't jump --it's very comfortable here—quite luxurious, in fact.

[Eases himself from broken glass.]

Play something, Angus!—

McADAM AND EVE

[ANGUS *plays on pipes*, "You can't play in my yard."]

[SHERIFF's march is heard approaching. (*Music gruff—peremptory—same as in Act I.*) ANGUS stops playing. McADAM listens. (*Bus., apprehension.*) Music suddenly grows very loud—]

CREDITORS' CHORUS.

We demand our gold,
And we want it right away.
We're growing old,
And we'll have no more delay.

So pay! Pay! Pay!—
Our bills long over-due;
We want it right away,
And we're going to have it, too!

McADAM.

The Sheriff!—we're lost!

[*Throws up his hands and falls over backward—
(he is supported on shelf on other side of wall)*
—ANGUS drops dress-suit case in Garden—
catches hold of his leg—and appears to be holding McADAM in the air—and trying to haul him back.]

SHERIFF.

[*Outside.*]

Seize him in the name of the law!

CREDITORS.

Seize him!—Drag him down!

[ANGUS hauls McADAM back upon wall—murmur of baffled rage from CREDITORS.]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

Jump, Angus! We must take our chances with the
Thistles!—

[*They jump.*]

CAPTAIN OF GUARD.

Have at them!

[*THISTLES charge at them with spears.*]

EVE.

[*Without.*]

Stay! Spare him!—

[*THISTLES pause.*]

[*Enter EVE—followed by FLOWERS—trying to hold her
back—EVE breaks from the FLOWERS.*]

EVE.

[*To GUARDS.*]

Stand aside—I command you!—

[*THISTLE GUARDS step aside—McADAM and EVE
rush toward each other—they stop two or three
paces apart.*]

McADAM.

Eve!

EVE.

McAdam!—

DUET—McADAM and EVE.

[*Grand opera style.*]

EVE.

Oh, Love! my Love!

Can it be true!

Can it be *really*,

Really you!

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

'Tis I!—'Tis I!
Oh, tell me true,
My love, my angel,
Is it you!

EVE.

'Tis I—I swear!

McADAM.

I swear it, too!

TOGETHER.

Then I am I,
And you are you—
Oh, joy—Oh, rapture!
It is true,
That I am I,
And you are you!—

CHORUS.

[First bar grand opera style—continuing very matter of fact.]

Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! if it's true,
That he is he, and you are you,
And she is she—then we begin
To wonder just where we come in!

EVE.

Oh, Love! my Love!
And have you come!
And are you here!
For joy *I'm dumb!* [*Very loud.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

I'm here! I'm here!
Rejoice! rejoice!
I too, for joy,
Have lost *my voice!* [*Very loud.*]

EVE.

I'm here—I swear!

McADAM.

I swear it, too!

TOGETHER.

[*Embracing.*]
Then here am I,
And here are you.
Oh, joy!—Oh, rapture!
It is true
We are together,
I and you!

[CHORUS.]

Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! if it's true
That he is here and here are you,
And she is here—if it's no sin,
We'd like to know where we come in!

[*Last line of chorus echoed by CREDITORS outside
—male voices.*]

[*The inner gate has been opened, showing through
wrought iron gate SHERIFF, etc., clamoring out-
side.*]

[*The CAPTAIN OF GUARD separates McADAM and
EVE.*]

McADAM AND EVE

CAPTAIN.

It is against the rule of this Garden to sing duets.

[*To McADAM.*]

I'm very sorry, but you will have to leave—mortals are not allowed here.

[*Cheers outside.*]

EVE.

I am a mortal—I will go too—

GUARD.

You are Eve—therefore you remain.

[*To McADAM.*]

What is your name?

McADAM.

Archibold McAdam—I come of a very old family—I am the direct descendant of the original owner of this Garden—

ALL.

McAdam!—

GUARD.

That alters matters—you remain.

CREDITORS.

[*Seen through iron gate.*]

We want our money!—

[*As McADAM and EVE start toward one another the CAPTAIN interferes.*]

CAPTAIN.

One moment, please!

[*To McADAM.*]

What is this charge?

McADAM.

I paid them in gold—I have their receipt.

McADAM AND EVE

CAPTAIN.

The charge is dismissed—close the gates!

SHERIFF.

[*Outside.*]

The gold was counterfeit!

CREDITORS.

Counterfeit! Counterfeit!

CAPTAIN.

That puts another face on it.—I fear you will have to leave.

[*They start to unlock the wrought iron gate as McADAM and EVE are held apart—McADAM by GUARDS—EVE by FLOWERS—sing last verse of duet.*]

EVE.

And are you gone!

So soon—so soon!

My heart is broken,

And I swoon. [Loud.]

[*She swoons and is supported by FLOWERS.*]

McADAM.

And are you lost!

Whom I adore!

My heart is still—

It beats no more! [Loud.]

EVE.

[*Comes out of swoon.*]

I am no more!

McADAM.

No more am I!

McADAM AND EVE

TOGETHER.

Then I am gone,
And gone are you—
Oh, misery—
Then it is true
That we are parted—
I and you!

[CHORUS.]

Oh, misery! if it is true,
That he is gone, and gone are you,
The jig is up, without a doubt
It is high time that we went out!

[FLOWERS *start to go with EVE, who is weeping.*]

[*Change to fantastic Serpent music.*]

[SERPENT *appears*—FLOWERS *halt.*]

SERPENT.

The sculptor! McAdam!

McADAM.

The Serpent!

[*Breaks from guards who were about to eject him.*]

They accuse me of passing counterfeit gold—you alone
can clear me—it was you yourself who—

SERPENT.

[*Crossing hastily to McADAM.*]

[*To McADAM.*]

Sh-h!—don't give me away!—if you want to stay in
this Garden, leave it to me.

SHERIFF.

We demand the person of Archibold McAdam.

SERPENT.

Demand and be damned—you have no jurisdiction

McADAM AND EVE

here, and there is no extradition from the Garden of Eden.—

[*To the GUARDS.*]

Close the gates!—

[*Angry murmur of CREDITORS rises and dies away as gate is closed.*]

And now, my friends, let me present my friend, Archibald McAdam—the only direct descendant of my old friend Adam, the first tenant of the Garden. Let us make him welcome. His arrival is most opportune—to-night I give a ball in honor of the return of Mlle. Eve—and you are all invited.

[*Enter Butterfly chorus.*]

ALL *Sing.*

Oh, joy!—Oh, rapture!

He's all right—

The Serpent gives a ball to-night,

And since he has been so polite,

We all accept with much delight.

[*FLOWER CURTAIN.*]

SCENE 3.

Glade in Eden, same as Scene 1. A small white mushroom table has grown up a little left of centre, with two mushroom seats R. and L. McADAM is discovered, looking at himself in pool R., smoothing his hair, adjusting his tie, etc. He is dressed in afternoon costume, with cutaway coat, silk hat, etc., close-fitting and conventional.

[*Enter FLOWER—Lily of the Valley—L.*]

[*FLOWER rings her bells.*]

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

[*Starting and turning.*]

Oh, I er—er—thought it was Eve.

FLOWER.

Mlle. Eve directs me to say that she will be here in a moment.

McADAM.

Very good.

[*FLOWER starts to go.*]

Ahem!—

[*FLOWER turns.*]

FLOWER.

Monsieur?

McADAM.

You are a very nice flower—

FLOWER.

[*Courtesying.*]

Thank you very much.

McADAM.

I am quite a botanist, you know.

FLOWER.

A botanist! What's that?

McADAM.

A botanist is a person who thinks of nothing but flowers—he knows *all* about them.

FLOWER.

[*Confused.*]

Oh, Monsieur!

McADAM.

What kind of flower *are* you?

McADAM AND EVE

FLOWER.

[*Pouting.*]

I thought Monsieur was a botanist!—

McADAM.

Well—er—it's so long sine I botanized, you know.

FLOWER.

Well, if you want to know, I'm a Lily of the Valley.

McADAM.

A Lily of the Valley!

[*Aside.*]

I would like to know the location of her valley.

[*To FLOWER.*]

Would you mind telling me the—

[*EVE enters.*]

[*FLOWER crosses L.*]

EVE.

I hope I haven't kept you waiting—

[*To FLOWER.*]

You may ring for lunch.

[*FLOWER rings her bells.*]

[*Enter page — (Ladybug) — carrying tray of lunch — places it on table—retires.*]

McADAM.

[*Indicating his costume.*]

How do you like me?

EVE.

You are quite a butterfly of fashion.

FLOWER.

Lunch is served.

[*They sit—EVE R. and McADAM L. of table.*]

[*Bus., lunch.*]

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

How do you like the Garden?

McADAM.

[*Startled from absent-minded contemplation of the Lily.*]

Oh—er—two lumps, please.

EVE.

[*Laughing and shaking finger at him.*]

I said, how do you like the Garden?

McADAM.

It is an awfully jolly Garden—upon my word—it makes me feel like a child again—

EVE.

[*Approvingly.*]

That's good.

McADAM.

When I used to pick flowers and chase butterflies.

EVE.

[*Severely.*]

That is very *childish*—you must remember you are not a child any more—

McADAM.

[*Leans across table and takes her hand.*]

And you will remember, dearest Eve, that I am yours—and only yours.

[*Kisses EVE's hand.*]

[*During this business, eight FLOWERS enter—and play a selection—(sentimental)—on their flower bells—each carrying a note of the tune. They go through a minuet, accompanying the Orchestra with flower bells.*]

[*Exit FLOWERS—playing.*]

McADAM AND EVE

[A fearful roaring of LIONS is heard outside, accompanied by bleating of LAMBS.]

[McADAM and EVE rise from table in alarm.]

EVE.

Oh, dear! what has happened!

[McADAM puts his arm around EVE, protectingly—they come down. During this, the Lily of the Valley has remained at her post—back of table—unruffled.]

McADAM.

[To EVE.]

Do not be alarmed, dear! Perhaps it's only feeding-time—

[To Lily of the Valley—as noise increases.]

What is the matter out there?

FLOWER.

It is the Lions and the Lambs—they are holding their Peace Convention.

EVE.

A Peace Convention!

FLOWER.

They have a Peace Convention every day—and they talk of arbitration. Here they come.

EVE.

Oh, I'm so frightened!

[EVE crosses left and jumps on table (from which the lunch has been removed)—McADAM stands by her in a protecting attitude.]

[Enter LIONS and LAMBS.]

[Six LIONS (Men—comic make-up) and six LAMBS (Girls—pretty in contrast). First two lines of each verse sung by the LAMBS; second

McADAM AND EVE

two by LIONS (fortissimo)—fright bus. for LAMBS when LIONS sing. At end of song LIONS chase LAMBS off. Roaring is heard outside—and LIONS enter alone to funeral march (same air in minor key—very slow). They each carry a LAMB'S fleece—and wear crêpe band on arm and hold black-bordered handkerchief to eyes. After walking once round, the LIONS sing last two verses—and go off—weeping bus.]

SONG.

(LIONS and LAMBS.)

LAMBS.

Oh, once there was a little Lamb
As white as white carnation.

LIONS.

She was as gentle as a clam
And her name was Arbitration.

LAMBS.

She wandered into school one day,
And was surprised to find,

LIONS.

Instead of girls and boys at play,
Fierce beasts of every kind.

LAMBS.

There was a German Eagle there,
A Yankee doodle doo—

LIONS.

A Turkey and a Russian Bear,
A British Lion, too.

McADAM AND EVE

LAMBS.

'Twas such a very funny sight
To see a Lamb at school—

LIONS.

They all forgot to snarl and fight,
Which was against the rule.

LAMBS.

Said they, we like your fleece so white—
We can't let you escape.

LIONS.

So they tied that little lambkin tight
With miles of strong red tape.

LAMBS.

Then *they* began to snarl and fight,
As they had fought before,

LIONS.

And the little Lamb with fleece so white
Alas! was seen no more!

[*Exeunt all.*]

FUNERAL MARCH.

[*Enter LIONS alone.*]

[*Weeping—carrying LAMBS' fleeces.*]

Oh, once there was a little lamb,
So tender and so rare—
Our grief is but a hollow sham,
For we got the Lion's share.

Now all you little Lambs take care,
And heed our sad narration,
And of the wicked Beasts beware,
That howl for Arbitration!

[*Exeunt LIONS. Sound of LIONS dies away.*]

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

Do you think they will come back?

McADAM.

No danger! They couldn't eat any more if they tried.

[Assists EVE from table.]

EVE.

It's perfectly horrid. I hope they will have indigestion.

[To Lily of the Valley.]

When is the next meeting of this—*Peace* (sarcastic)
Convention?

LILY.

Every afternoon, Madame, about this time.

EVE.

What time is it now?

LILY.

[Crosses to Cigarette Tree—knocks on the trunk—door in Tree flies open—Cuckoo (small girl—with comic bird make-up)—hops out—hops round stage—flaps wings—cuckoos three times—returns into Tree—door shuts.]

EVE.

Three o'clock!—and my ball-dress isn't made yet. I must fly!—

McADAM.

[Makes as if to accompany her.]

EVE.

You can't go—it wouldn't be proper. Come at five, and see it when finished.

McADAM.

Where shall you be?

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

At the Spider's web. Meet me there at five—

[*Pauses—struck with an idea—crosses to Cigarette Tree—picks Cigarette.*]

Have a Cigarette?

McADAM.

A Cigarette—not on your life!—

EVE.

[*Lighting Cigarette.*]

You'll find it soothing.

McADAM.

The last Cigarette I had was a jolly sight *too* soothing—
—confound the Serpent!—That's how I lost you in the first place.

EVE.

But you've found me again, haven't you—

[*Handing him lighted Cigarette.*]

You can't refuse *now*!

McADAM.

[*Blowing cloud of smoke.*]

See that smoke?

EVE.

It's all gone—

[*Music—EVE's theme, pianissimo, during rest of scene.*]

McADAM.

That's the way you disappeared—like a little puff of smoke.

EVE.

But I appeared again—

[*Indicating a second puff of smoke.*]

Don't you like *me* better than that old piece of rock you lost?

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

[*Watching smoke.*]

See!—that has gone, too! Promise me, dearest Eve,
you will *never* leave me again.

EVE.

[*Kissing him with each word.*]

I—will—never—leave—you—again!—

McADAM.

You made a mistake.

EVE.

A mistake!

McADAM.

Again is *two* words: do it—*a—gain!*

EVE.

[*Kissing him.*]

A—gain!—There! *now* will you be good!

McADAM.

Well, counting *again* as one word—that only makes
six words. Why not make it ten words—it don't cost
any more.

EVE.

All right!

[*Kissing him.*]

Yours—very—truly,—Eve.

[*EVE runs off R.—kissing her hand.*]

McADAM.

But the address!—It's *included!*

EVE.

[*Heard off—laughing.*]

The Spider's web—at five!

McADAM AND EVE

McADAM.

I feel deliciously dreamy! I wonder whether it's the cigarette—or the—er—telegram?—

[Sits at table—rests head on arm—falls asleep.]

EVE.

[Tiptoes back.]

I forgot the revenue stamp.

[Kisses him once. Exit R. looking back.]

[Change to Blue light.]

[CIGARETTE AND MATCH BALLET.]

[Enter PAGES carrying large Cigarette box (about nine by seven feet) in general design and color of cover suggesting any Turkish or Egyptian cardboard cigarette box. This is placed on end at centre of back, in front of the opening in drop (see description of Scene 1). The Pages tear the seal in centre of box, and turn the covers back R. and L., like folding-doors. The CIGARETTES come out to Cigarette march. They are dressed in white, with exception (if Egyptian) of gold forehead-band of Egyptian head-dress—rest of costume white—including perfectly straight, transparent gauze skirt—and Egyptian hip girdle. Each carries a cigarette baton about two feet long, with electric tip—and blue gauze veil, which gives smoke effect when waved. As CIGARETTES manœuvre into position R. and L. the Cigarette box is replaced by a Match box, made to resemble ordinary yellow Swedish match box. The cover is drawn upward—revealing the usual blue-lined box inside.]

[The MATCHES are costumed in pale yellow and

McADAM AND EVE

wear dome-shaped blue caps—suggesting match-ends—each carries electric match or torch.]

[The Cigarette and Match dance ends in a Cancan, at the end of which the CIGARETTES and MATCHES are ignited—and the scene disappears in steam—with blue light.]

[Dark change.]

SCENE 4.

At first dark—(music of Spiders' chorus)—small electric (opalescent) lights appear—one by one—revealing interior of Spiders' web—besprinkled with electric dewdrops.

Green foliage is seen through drop at back, which shows ordinary geometrical web in silver on gauze. Centre of web revolves, like large wheel of loom. Spiders' chorus in gray and silver. Each Spider holds a distaff wound with silver, and appears to be unwinding a thread of silver which is hung from each distaff to centre of revolving wheel at back. (Specialty slack-wire turn in Spider costume could be introduced before Chorus.) As stage becomes light, Spiders sing Dressmakers' chorus.

Two SPIDERS are fitting costume on EVE. Costume in silver gauze—and consists of a strip, a yard wide, which unwinds as desired from reel held horizontally by two SPIDERS—at centre of Chorus. This strip of gauze is cut and arranged with concealed rings and hooks, so that it can be draped and fastened in such a way as to give the effect of a finished ball-dress when fitted on EVE.

During Dressmakers' chorus McADAM sings his part

McADAM AND EVE

*down stage—walking from side to side—with
business expressing distraction, annoyance, etc.*

[CHORUS.]

SPIDERS.

Shall we cut it on the bias?
We can make it just as high as
High as Madam may prefer it.
Shall we ruffle, plait, or shirr it?
How would Madam like the train—
Looped or gathered, draped or plain?
Just a moment keep it so!—
Do you think it's cut too low?
Oh, by no means, oh, dear no—
Madam has a neck of snow.
That looks well, without a doubt.
If it's tight we'll let it out—
There is plenty of the stuff—
If it isn't tight enough.
Then, if Madam is inclined,
We can gather it behind.
Now, turn round, and let us see.
Charming! charming as can be!
Madam, it is very clear,
Is the best dress'd lady here.
Never was such beauty seen—
Madam looks indeed a queen!

McADAM.

Really, this is most distressing—
All this fuss about one's dressing.
Such debating and demurring,
Over ruffling, plaiting, shirring!

McADAM AND EVE

Crimping, skimping, gimping, goring,
Would a very saint be boring.
Damn it! is there *no* escaping,
This infernal shaping, draping,
 Looping, drooping,
 Fluffing, puffing,
Gimp and gusset, gore and seam;
 Matching, patching,
 Shrinking, pinking—
Is it all a horrid dream?

 Facing, lacing,
 Wasting, basting,
Cross or bias, shirred or plain,
 Ripping, chipping,
 Snipping, clipping—
Soon I shall be quite insane.

[*At the end of Dressmakers' song, McADAM finishes his tirade by walking off in a huff—leaving his hat on a toadstool seat—L. EVE is showing off her ball dress to Spiders—One of the Spiders hands EVE a long roll of paper—EVE asks what it is. The Spider replies \$1,500. EVE does not understand—Spider explains it is the milliner's bill. EVE says, "I don't know anything about it." The Spider drops the bill in McADAM's hat. Exit Spiders—Electric dew-drops go out one by one.*]

[*McADAM returns—has forgotten his hat—is still irritable—but on seeing EVE in her magnificence his annoyance changes to admiration—he compliments her on her taste in dress, etc. EVE then reminds him that it is time he went to dress for the ball. McADAM then picks up his hat*

McADAM AND EVE

and takes his leave—he bows very ceremoniously and in putting his hat on, the bill falls over his face.]

McADAM.

What is this?

EVE.

I don't quite know—they said it was the—the—what was that word?—Oh, yes—the pill—the milliner's pill—

McADAM.

[Looking it over.]

Well—I should say it is a pill—etc., etc.

[McADAM then upbraids EVE for her extravagance—EVE tearfully promises to turn over a “new leaf”—

McADAM.

[Ironically.]

A new leaf—of your milliner's account-book, I suppose you mean?

EVE.

How dare you!—you have said enough!—Go!—

[Stamps her foot.]

[McADAM leaves with bill, in a rage—EVE sits on toadstool—bursts into tears.—Last lights go out.]

[Dark change to]

[GLADE OF SCENE I.]

McADAM AND EVE

SCENE 5.

[*Glade—same as Scene 1.*]

[*Early evening—light changes during scene from sunset to moonrise.*]

[*Enter EVE dressed for ball.*]

EVE.

[*Seeking for McADAM.*]

He is not here!—it is getting late.—Will he ever come back to me—it was all my fault—all for a horrid ball dress—

[*Surveys herself.*]

I *hate* it—but it is lovely.—

[*“Campbells are Coming”—heard off.*]

Ah! he comes—Oh, joy!—he comes!—

[*Enter ANGUS—alone.*]

Oh, Angus!—Where is he—!

ANGUS.

The Serpent?

EVE.

Angus—how can you!—you *know* I mean McAdam.—

ANGUS.

He canna be far frae here.

EVE.

Why? have you seen him?

McADAM.

No, Liddy—but he loves you.

EVE.

Oh, Angus—if I were but *sure* he loved me!—

[*Weeps.*]

McADAM AND EVE

ANGUS.

Dinna greet—Leddy!—there is a way a lass may ken
if her lad love her or nae—

EVE.

Oh, Angus, tell me how can I tell if he loves me—

[*Enter* DAISIES.]

ANGUS.

Ask the Daisies—they will tell you if he loves you—
never fear, Leddy—I will find him for you—

[*Exit* ANGUS.]

DAISIES.

[*See picture—Costume, large hats and dresses composed entirely of petals made of tissue paper crêpe, the skirt reaching nearly to the ankles. During dance to refrain, "He loves you—he loves you not," etc., the daisies pull off the petals composing their hats, one by one. During dance, at end of second verse, they pull off petals composing rest of costume. On final line of chorus ("He loves you") revealing themselves in flesh tights as cupids—the quivers and wings having till then been concealed by petals.*]

[*Tableau—Cupids aiming arrows—"He loves you!"*]

SONG AND CHORUS.

[*EVE and DAISIES.*]

EVE.

Tell me, Daisies—

Have you seen him—

Have you seen my loved one, tell me, pray!

Tell me, Daisies,

McADAM AND EVE

Have you seen him—
Tell me, has my loved one passed this way!
If he comes back to me I live,
But if he comes not then I die!
Oh, Daisies, tell me if I live or if I die!—

[MUSIC.]

[*Half-spoken recitation.*]

Oh, Daisies, tell me!
Daisies, tell me!
Does he love me!
Does he *love* me!

[*Dance and refrain—DAISIES.*]

DAISIES.

He loves you—
He loves you—
He loves you—
Loves you not!

Just a little,
To desperation—
Just a little—
To desperation—
He loves you—loves you truly,
Just a little—
Not at all!
Etc.—

EVE.

Tell me, Daisies!
Does he love me—
Does my true love love me, tell me, pray!
Tell me, Daisies,
Does he love me—

MCADAM AND EVE

Does my true love love me, yea or nay?
For if he loves me then I live,
And if he loves me not I die.
Oh, Daisies, tell me if I live or if I die.

[*Refrain—Chorus, etc., ending:*]

He loves you just a little,
To desperation—
He *loves* you!

[*Cupid Tableau—Moonrise.*]

[FLOWER CURTAIN.]

SCENE 6.

Natural arbor, forming sort of anteroom to palm-grove, where SERPENT's ball is held. At back palm-trees—profiling natural arch-shaped opening in centre of drop. At opening a portière of hanging vines and flowers. At R. and L. just above first entrance—two large palm-trees—branches interlaced at top. At left of palm R. a chair—fantastically shaped of flower petals—similar chair at palm L. Flower sentinel stationed R. and L. of portière at back. Butterfly music heard—Butterfly chorus flutters on, pursued by MCADAM with large butterfly net—MCADAM catches one of the butterfly girls with the net.

MCADAM.

The most perfect specimen I ever caught—

[*Kisses her through gauze net.*]

[*Enter EVE on the arm of the SERPENT, accompanied by FLOWERS and Animals, in couples. The Animals have animal heads and wear even-*

McADAM AND EVE

ing dress of color to match. McADAM crosses to meet EVE.]
[Butterfly flutters off R.]

McADAM.

Eve!—I have been looking for you *everywhere!*

EVE.

[Coldly.]

So I see—but I fear I turned up at an inopportune moment—forgive me—

[Flower sentinels hold back portière. EVE—SERPENT—flowers, and animals exeunt through arch—as portière is opened waltz is heard, which dies away as portière closes.]

McADAM.

Well, I'm damned—if this isn't my lucky day—and this is Paradise—and nothing to drown sorrow in—
[Goes off left.]

[Enter ANGUS, drinking.]

It's the verra last drappie, and never anither to be had in the whole length and breadth of this blessed Garden.— And they call *this* Paradise! I ken well it is a bonny Garden, this Paradise—a bonny Garden for the unco guid that likes naething better—but was nae built for old Angus. The weeked world is guid enough for Angus—here's to the weeked world—etc.—

[Drinks flask—sits down on chair L.]

[Muffled drums heard off at L.]

ANGUS.

[Jumping to his feet and looking off at L.]

The Sheriff!—I must hide!

[Goes behind palm R.]

McADAM AND EVE

[Enter SHERIFF— *Gens d'armes*—Hungarian Band, and Creditors, including the tenor, TONDONI, and pianist, BLITZEN.]

[*They are thinly disguised as butterflies, wasps, grasshoppers, etc., having small wings and antennæ of insects. In other respects the costume of each is the same as in Act I., except as to color, which suggests the insect represented.*]

[*They enter L.—and form in line, marking time to drum—the marking time is kept up during this scene.*]

SHERIFF.

In this disguise we defy detection!—Are we quite alone?

[*He looks round suspiciously.*]

My plan is matured—McAdam is in my power—

[*To Gens d'armes.*]

Your instructions are to seize him when he leaves the ball—

[*To LEADER of band.*]

Is everything arranged as I ordered?—

LEADER.

To ze last letter, your Excellency!

SHERIFF.

[*Interrupting.*]

Enough! Enough! obey your orders and all will be well—and if we fail, we will fail like Frenchmen!—Company right face!—forward—

[*Exeunt R.*]

ANGUS.

I must warn my master! There is nae a meenit to lose—

[*Exit L.*]

McADAM AND EVE

SCENE 7.

*Portière drop rises discovering SERPENT'S ball-room—
Perspective of palms forming natural pillars and
ceiling—festoons of flowers and vines—hung with
green and gold lights.—Ball at its height—Flow-
ers, Butterflies, Beasts, all dancing—or promenad-
ing. EVE comes down with SERPENT.*

EVE.

I don't want to dance any more—I'm dead! Get me an
ice!

[Exit SERPENT.]

[Enter Lion and Rhinoceros. They have *papier-
maché* animal heads, with court dress suits of
color to match.]

[Each claims the dance—Bus. with dance cards—
conversation carried on in *pantomime*. EVE
declines to dance with either beast. Each one
seizes a hand and they drag her up—resisting—
EVE frees herself and runs down. The two
beasts fall upon each other—The other animals
join in fight—FLOWERS rush to EVE'S aid and
catch her as she faints—EVE revives—FLOWERS
and BUTTERFLIES close round at back of EVE,
shutting out view of fighting animals—as their
noise increases, music suggesting cries of beasts,
and lights are lowered.]

[CHORUS.]

[FLOWERS, GUARDS, etc.]

Fear them not, we will defend you.

Angry beasts can do no harm.

Fear them not, they shall not rend you;

We their fury can disarm.

McADAM AND EVE

Hark! with fear their voices quaver!
See, their ranks begin to waver,
As back to their caves,
Their rocks and caves,
Their forest caves they go.
[Enter McADAM.]

EVE.

You have come.

McADAM.

I must fly—the day is breaking—the Sheriff is here!

EVE.

Oh, Archie! take me with you!

McADAM.

What! leave your Eden?

EVE.

For you!

[CHORUS.] [FLOWERS, etc.]

Though our voices ring with gladness,
Yet our eyes with tears o'erflow,
And our hearts are full of sadness,
As to the world we watch you go.

May all happiness attend you—
May all good spirits befriend you,
As back to the world,
The cold, cold world,
The cruel world you go!—

[*The march of the Creditors is now heard rising
above the Flower chorus.*]

[*Enter the SHERIFF, GENS D'ARMS, CREDITORS, etc., R.
and L., singing "Pay" chorus—they combine and
advance upon McADAM and EVE.*]

McADAM AND EVE

[CHORUS.]

CREDITORS.

We demand our gold—
We demand it right away!
We're growing old,
And we'll have no more delay.

So pay, pay, pay—
Our bills long over-due.
We want it right away,
And we're going to have it, too!

[*The line of FLOWER guards advance, separate in middle, wheeling outward R. and L., force back SHERIFF, SERPENT, CREDITORS, etc.*]

[TABLEAU.]

[McADAM and EVE retiring up centre. FLOWER guards R. and L., keeping back gens d'armes and CREDITORS. Chorus—FLOWERS and CREDITORS together.]

[CURTAIN.]

[PICTURE.]

[*Chorus as before. McADAM and EVE have disappeared. ANGUS, with suit-case, pipes, etc., down centre struggling between two gens d'armes.*]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

MCADAM'S STUDIO.

Same as at end of Act I. The bench on which MCADAM slept remains in same position. The wooden stand on which statue was carved has been undisturbed, and the floor around it is strewn with fragments of marble.

MCADAM and EVE enter through high studio window at back—and descend step-ladder.

MCADAM.

At last, my dear, we are at home—not much like the beautiful Garden I took you from—but—

EVE.

[Stopping him with a kiss.]

But with you, my dearest, *any* place is a garden.

MCADAM.

[Looking at fragments of marble.]

To think these fragments of common marble were once your only covering. By the way, you have no other clothes—

EVE.

Why, of course not, but we left in such a hurry—and—*[coyly]*—you know I never did have very many. But why—

MCADAM.

You ought to have a wedding-dress to be married in.

McADAM AND EVE

EVE.

Marry! What's that?

McADAM.

Well, it's a custom of the country. You have much to learn. Come, my love, we must hurry and get it over—we will go at once to the mayor—

[ANGUS appears at window with suit-case in one hand, bag-pipes in the other. He slides down stepladder, bumping from step to step—at each bump the bag-pipe squeaks, playing a descending scale as he slides down.]

McADAM AND EVE.

[Together.]

Why, it's Angus!

ANGUS.

Hoot, mon!

[Rubs himself.]

Aye, it's Angus—but I didna think to see you ony mair on earth—sic a time I had.

McADAM.

Tell us all about it, Angus!

ANGUS.

Nay, nay—dinna ask me. There's nae time to waste if it's married you will be, for the Serpent and the Sheriff and the whole pack of them are after ye. This is nae the time to be gabbing if you wouldna be in their claws again.

McADAM.

We will go at once.

[To EVE.]

When we are married we can snap our fingers at the Serpent.

[Exeunt McADAM and EVE.]

[ANGUS retires up.]

MCADAM AND EVE

CONCIERGE.

[*Outside.*]

Stuff and nonsense! There's no one of that name here.

ANGUS.

[*Aside.*]

It is the voice of the Concierge—of my love, my Hortense!

CONCIERGE.

[*Entering backward, gesticulating, followed by POSTMAN, with large bag of letters.*]

I tell you there's no Lord McAdam here. Lord McAdam, indeed! There *was* a *Mister* McAdam—but he disappeared a month ago and has not been heard of since.

POSTMAN.

It's all the same. They're all lords, these Englishmen—or *going* to be—dontyer know—rosbif—goddam—oh, yes!

[*Imitates English walk—eyeglass, etc.*]

ANGUS.

[*Exclaims.*]

Lord McAdam! Why he must have come into his title at last. Lord McAdam! Hoot, mon!

[*Dances jig.*]

CONCIERGE.

[*Turning.*]

Angus!

ANGUS.

Hortense!

[*POSTMAN pours huge pile of letters out of bag on floor, and goes off.*]

CONCIERGE.

Angus! can it be you!

McADAM AND EVE

ANGUS.

'Tis I! 'tis I! Are you a bit glad to see me, my ain Hortense?

HORTENSE.

I'm not your ain Hortense; but I'm mighty glad to see you. But what does all this mean?

[Picking up a handful of letters and reading:]

Sir Archibold McAdam—

ANGUS.

It means that he has come into his title. He is Lord McAdam now.

HORTENSE.

[Courtesying.]

Lord McAdam!

ANGUS.

And *now*, Hortense, will you be my ain little wifie? I ask you for the last time.

HORTENSE.

No, I will *not*. I tell you I will never marry a man who has no—

ANGUS.

[Interrupting.]

Who has nae monny, you would say; but I am rich noo! Lassie, his lordship will pay me my last six years' salary and—

HORTENSE.

[Backing toward door R. followed by ANGUS.]

I tell you I will never marry a man who has no—*pants!*

[Quick exit, slamming door.]

ANGUS.

How mony times have I asked that lassie to be my wifie—

[Counts on his fingers.]

McADAM AND EVE

Let me see—one, two, three—nine—eleven, twelve—aye, that last was the twelfth time—

[Impressively.]

Well, I'm nae supersteetious, but I ken she'll get me next time—pants or nae pants!—

I hae a plan: I'll tell her I'm ganging awa' to a far countree—aye, that's what fetches them every time. A lass never knows what she wants till she kens she canna get it. Hoot, mon!

[Does a few jig steps.]

[Enter MEDULLA and ATTORNEY. Seeing ANGUS, they start—all speaking at once.]

Have you heard the news? McAdam has come into his title!

ANGUS.

How did you hear it?

ATTORNEY.

It's all over Paris—in all the papers—everywhere!

MEDULLA.

Where is Lord McAdam?

ANGUS.

Gone to be married! I expect them back every minute.

MEDULLA.

Then there isn't a moment to lose. All Paris will be here to congratulate him this afternoon.

ATTORNEY.

So soon?

MEDULLA.

It's his regular reception day, you know, and no one has heard of his disappearance.

McADAM AND EVE

ATTORNEY.

But *here!*

[Indicating bare studio.]

MEDULLA.

I took matters into my own hands and arranged everything. The furniture is released and is on its way back, and if we hurry we can get everything in order before the guests arrive. The men ought to be here already.

ANGUS.

I hear them coming.

[Exit.]

[Workman's jig heard outside.]

MEDULLA.

Now for a transformation scene. The men are here—I promised them each a bottle of champagne if they'd hurry.

[Enter WORKMEN, dancing and singing to the Workman's jig. The first carry pots with large palm plants, then come others with statues, etc., then furniture. Meanwhile the arch partition of Studio is set.]

SONG.—WORKMEN.

We're such happy, happy workers,
As we sing the livelong day.
And you'll never find us shirkers,
For we'd rather work than play.

As we go gayly skipping
To our labor daily tripping,

Oh, we sing, tra la,
And we laugh, ha, ha,

For we'd rather work than play.

[When some stop working to dance, MEDULLA

McADAM AND EVE

remonstrates—as they resume work, others stop to dance, etc. Finally MEDULLA also dances.]

[Enter SHERIFF — HUNGARIAN BAND — TONDONI, the tenor, and BLITZEN, pianist.]

TONDONI.

[Sings to workman's music.]

We shall be most charmed to proffer
Our services to play;
And we hope you'll accept our offer,
And we do not ask for pay.

[CHORUS.]

HUNGARIAN BAND.

As we go gayly trilling,
The air with music filling.

Oh, we sing, tra la,

And we laugh, ha ha,

For our work is only play.

[Enter ANGUS—dressed in Highland costume—with very loud checked trousers—cork helmet—huge carpet-bag in one hand, bundle done up in plaid in the other.]

CONCIERGE.

[Rushing up to ANGUS.]

Why, Angus! What does it mean!

ANGUS.

I'm ganging awa, lassie, to a far countree—

HORTENSE.

And you were going away without telling me.

ANGUS.

I didna think to see you again, lassie—The long and short of it is, I have come to the conclusion I must see less of you—or more—

MCADAM AND EVE

HORTENSE.

[*Melting suddenly.*]

Oh, MORE!

[*The bag and bundle fall from ANGUS's hands—as HORTENSE throws herself into his arms.*]

[*The furniture has all been placed in position as in Act I.—only piano remains to be brought in. Confused noise heard on stairs, as if trying to control an unmanageable horse.*]

MEDULLA.

What can be the matter out there—they seem to be having trouble with the piano.

HORTENSE.

[*Extricating herself.*]

I will go and see—

[*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter HORTENSE.*]

HORTENSE.

The piano! the piano!

[*Noise increases.*]

MEDULLA.

What is the matter?

CONCIERGE.

The piano has broken loose—the men can't hold—it's taken fright.

MEDULLA.

[*Crossing to open door R.—and looking off.*]

Be gentle—be gentle—try kindness.

[*Men's voices.*]

Whoa! Steady—steady, now! Whoa, there!

[*Enter MEN—appearing to hold piano back with*

MCADAM AND EVE

difficulty—the piano is of Baby Grand size—made of thin veneer (or papier-maché)—The legs are hung so as to kick when a string is pulled from inside—a boy is harnessed inside piano—his legs below made up like the Lyre—which terminates in the pedals, the feet ending in large nickel-plated pedals.]

[The piano dances and kicks to the music—kicks the SHERIFF whenever his back is turned—SHERIFF is annoyed but never catches piano in the act.]

MEDULLA.

What *has* got into that piano?—

ANGUS.

I'm thinking it's nae wa' for an honest, godfearing piano to be acting.

CONCIERGE.

No *Upright* piano would act so!

MEDULLA.

The poor thing may be ill.

ANGUS.

Who knows! it may have the Pianomania—

CONCIERGE.

Or the Chickering Pox—

MEDULLA.

Perhaps it's only a little unstrung—

[To the workmen.]

I fear your presence has an exciting effect on its highly strung organism. You may go!—

[Exit WORKMEN.]

McADAM AND EVE

Perhaps a little soft music would soothe the savage piano.

[To LEADER OF HUNGARIAN BAND.]

Can you play "Way down on the Suwanee River?"

LEADER.

Oh, yes, I can play him.

[Hungarian Band play in pantomime (music orchestra). The Piano sits down back to audience and beats time with one of its front legs. The music is played very slow—at last bar Piano collapses on ground. They raise it to its feet and throw over it a piano cloth or scarf—which covers about two-thirds of the top and hangs down over its down stage side.]

MEDULLA.

People are coming! I hear them—

[ANGUS throws open the door—the first guests arrive.]

ANGUS.

[Announces.]

The Marquis and Marquise de Belfontaine.—

[MEDULLA crosses to receive the Marquiese—and explains that LADY McADAM has been most unfortunately delayed, etc. Other guests with high sounding names announced in rapid succession, until the stage is filled with guests.]

[Chatter Chorus (same as Act I.) begins softly, gradually growing louder as it is taken up by the different guests.]

[Exit ANGUS quietly.]

MEDULLA.

Will Lord McAdam never come? What shall I do. I know they're bored.

MCADAM AND EVE

MARQUIS.

Ask Senor Tondoni to sing a little thing of his own—
They can talk so much better when there's music.

MEDULLA.

The very thing.

[To TONDONI.]

Signor Tondoni, *won't* you sing—something of your
own—you know.

TONDONI.

With ze verry great pleasure—I lofe to sing mine own
composections.

[HERR BLITZEN *plays first chords of accompani-
ment—(Piano played off stage.) Lid of Piano
springs suddenly open.*]

TONDONI.

[Starts.]

Cospetto!

BLITZEN.

Gott in Himmel!

[*Twelve Pickaninnies jump out of Piano—dressed
to represent the seven white and five black notes
of an octave of the Piano. The white notes are
in white evening dress—white silk hats—white
knee breeches, stockings, shoes, etc. The black
notes wear black silk hats and black collar, tie,
and shirt bosom—Upper part of coat (to waist)
and sleeves black. The rest, including shoes,
white. The back of all the costumes is white,
except the black notes who are black to waist—
all have long coat-tails, reaching nearly to the
ground.*]

McADAM AND EVE

MEDULLA.

[*To PICKANNINIES.*]

Where did you come from—Who *are* you?

PICKANNINIES.

We came out of the Piano—and we are the little notes
that make the tune.

SONG.

[*MEDULLA and Chorus, with dance.*]

[*The song is a topical Coon song.*]

REFRAIN.

For it takes

A heap of little notes to make a tune,
And if you is a gentlemanly coon,
You'll remember as you play,
Yo' bes' respects to pay,
To the little notes that go to make the tune.

[*Other verses.*]

A heap of little votes to make a president, etc.

A heap of little drinks to make a jag, etc.

[*At end of Song and Dance, the Bagpipes are
heard off playing, "The Campbells are Com-
ing."*]

[*Enter ANGUS, throwing open door—as door is opened,
wedding bells are heard.*]

[*Enter McADAM, EVE on his arm—They are dressed in
conventional travelling costume of bride and
groom—EVE carries bouquet of orange blossoms.
As he enters—McADAM starts with surprise at
the reception. He is greeted with chorus of guests
with wedding bell accompaniment.*]

McADAM AND EVE

WEDDING CHORUS.

[*Guests.*]

Hark! the bells are ding dong dinging,
Hail to Lord McAdam ringing,
And the happy bride he's bringing
Back to Paris gay.

We congratulate you gladly,
And the bells are ringing madly;
Ringing, tinging, clinging, dinging,
On your wedding day.

[*McADAM and EVE are escorted to centre arch leading to studio—Guests march past them singing Wedding chorus, and throwing flowers.*]

[*Enter SERPENT—evening dress—recognized by vermillion mustache—crosses to centre and removes hat—*

ALL start.

SERPENT.

This marriage cannot take place—She is my betrothed!

MEDULLA.

[*Coming to SERPENT.*]

But my dear Serpent, the marriage *has* already taken place—in short you are—

SERPENT.

Too late!

[*Turning to MEDULLA.*]

Miss Medulla, in the last thirty seconds I have grown to love you—will you be my wife?—

MEDULLA.

Your proposal is so excessively precipitate—

MCADAM AND EVE

SERPENT.

It is none the less genuine. I come of the oldest family on earth—and the warmest.

MEDULLA.

[*Aside.*]

I feel myself melting!

SERPENT.

The chill and frigidity of your Boston nature is just what is needed to moderate the fierce and fiery intensity of my tropical heart.

MEDULLA.

I comprehend. My atmosphere will neutralize yours—producing a mean temperature—

SERPENT.

Like that of your *own* Boston.

MEDULLA.

I am yours.

[*They embrace.*]

CHORUS.—ALL.

For all is well that ends well,
In our little world of play,
And the Author, he intends well,
Rough hew us how he may.

Rough hew us how he may, good friends,
Rough hew us how he may, good friends,
And the Author, too, his best will do,
Rough hew us how he may.

Good friends, may this disarm you,
That our Serpent has no sting.
And if the Serpent charm you,
Why, then our play's the thing.

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McADAM AND EVE

Why, then our play's the thing, good friends,
Why, then our play's the thing, good friends,
If you'll let him charm, 'twill do no harm,
And you'll find our play's the thing.

CURTAIN.



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